

Américas

EQUAL AND NOT SEPARATE

The end of segregation
in U.S. public schools

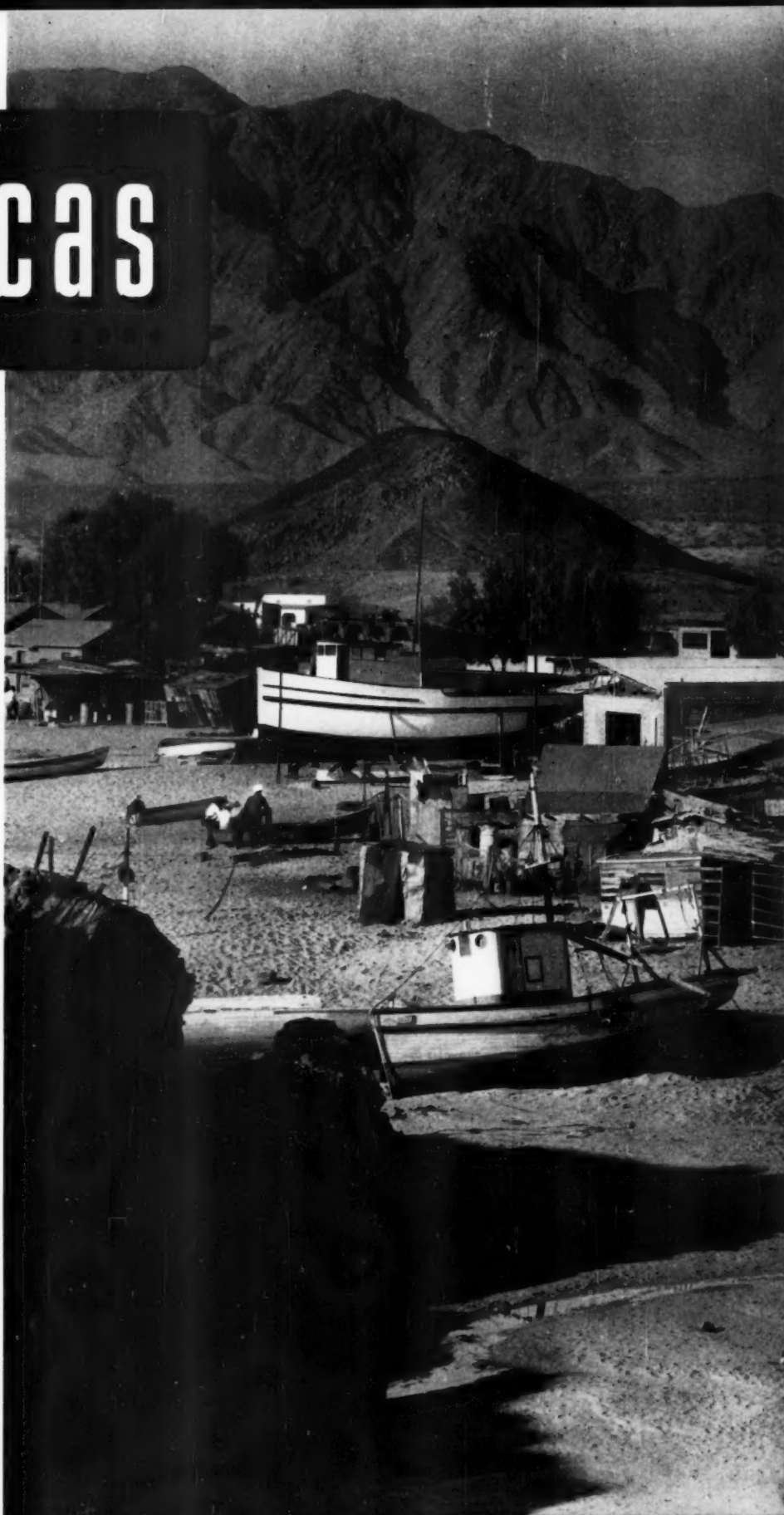
Baja California, MEXICO'S TWENTY-NINTH STATE

Roberto Burle Marx creates GARDENS FOR TODAY

CITY BENEATH THE SEA

25
cents

*Fishing village of
San Felipe, Mexico, on
the Gulf of California
(see page 6)*





Américas

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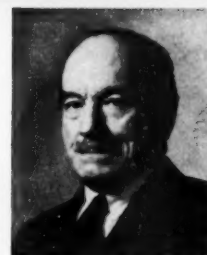
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CARLOS DÁVILA,
New Secretary General

Dear Reader:

On June 16, the OAS Council elected Carlos Dávila, former President of Chile, to succeed me as Secretary General of the Organization of American States. Of all the countless and very generous demonstrations of esteem I have received on my retirement from the Organization, none has more meaning for me than the Council's action in choosing so eminent an American to take over the responsibility confided to me by the American Governments seven years ago. Carlos Dávila is one of the leading intellectual figures of the Hemisphere and a man of captivating personality. The Pan American Union will be in expert hands. It will enjoy a brilliant epoch appropriate to its aims and principles.

A friendship of long standing links me to Carlos Dávila. Curiously, we have had, in varying degrees, the same experiences. Dávila has been a journalist, Ambassador in Washington, and President of his country, but fundamentally a journalist, a writer. As Ambassador to the United States from 1927 to 1931, he represented Chile on the Governing Board of the Pan American Union (predecessor of the OAS Council). In Washington his mission is remembered as an outstandingly effective one. Returning to his homeland, he served as Provisional President during a revolutionary movement that was of brief duration but that left lasting traces in Chilean politics and economics. Many of the innumerable decrees that emerged in the dawn hours from the Moneda, the presidential palace, after nights of intense work by the former journalist, are still in effect today.

When he retired from the government, he came to New York, where he again devoted himself to writing. With a group of friends, he established the Editors Press Service, and his articles were published throughout the Hemisphere. Withdrawing from the direction of the organization several years ago, he continued to serve it as a columnist. So his name is familiar to people all over the Americas, who, through his writings, have participated intensely in the discussion of world problems and have had the privilege of sharing his wealth of information on the most varied subjects. In 1941 Columbia University awarded him a Maria Moors Cabot Prize for distinguished journalism.

Dávila has been professor of international law at the University of North Carolina, and as a lecturer has presented his bold and brilliant concepts to audiences throughout the United States. He worked with UNRRA from 1943 to 1946 and was Chilean Representative to the Inter-American Financial and Economic Advisory Committee. At his instigation, the Inter-American Development Commission was created. In 1946 he was a member of the United Nations Economic and Social Council, and recently he headed a commission of that organization to review technical assistance programs in the Hemisphere. On that occasion he visited, for the second or third time, most of the Latin American countries.

His experience in the problems of America, particularly in the economic field, is, then, vast. From it he has derived the vigorous, original, and attractive ideas that fill his extraordinary book *We of the Americas*, which caused, and continues to cause, stimulating controversies and which was received with warm applause by critics of the continent.

Surely Dávila will continue in this column the communication that I have maintained with the readers of AMERICAS. They will be the first to greet with enthusiasm the new Secretary General and the great writer.

ALBERTO LLERAS, Secretary General

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opposite: Modern art comes to the garden:
oberto Burle Marx plan for Brazilian estate

ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

New Import Restrictions

The recent devaluation of the Mexican peso by just over 44 per cent ties in with the measures adopted by several countries to restrict imports, one of its chief objectives being to discourage importation of non-essential items. At the same time, Chile has adopted strict new regulations on the issuance of import licenses. Any irregularity in payment procedure will result in cancellation of trading permits and previously granted licenses. Full details of goods included in shipments must be stated on the request for the license, and these will be carefully checked on arrival. Rigid price controls have been put into effect on imported merchandise. To discourage tourist travel abroad, Chile has introduced unprecedented restrictions on the purchase of foreign exchange in the free market and has suspended trips of government officials and even scholarship holders. The thirty-five thousand Chileans who went abroad for one reason or another last year are estimated to have spent some fifty million dollars outside the country.

All these measures are part of the Chilean Government's renewed efforts to reduce the foreign-exchange deficit caused principally by the reduction in both the price and the volume of copper sales, which has seriously affected national producers in the last six months.

The situation of Mexico and Chile, which is similar to that of several other Latin American countries now going through the process of industrial development and diversification, is in sharp contrast to that of Colombia, where the rise in coffee prices has forced the government to take steps to offset the danger of inflation posed by an excess of dollars in the hands of exporters. A flexible export tax on coffee will take 50 per cent of the amount by which the official return price (now U. S. \$125 per 155-pound sack) exceeds an arbitrary base, now set at U. S. \$115. The new tax is in addition to the earlier burden of 5.25 pesos per bag. The resulting revenue will be turned over to the National Coffee Bank to meet the foreign-currency obligations of both official and private enterprises producing electricity, iron, and steel. Bank reserve requirements have been raised to 40 per cent of deposits in excess of stated base amounts. Absolute prohibition of importation of certain goods has been rescinded, but items on the list will pay an extra import tax of 40 per cent ad valorem.

Sources of Fiscal Revenues

Modification and modernization of their tax systems should play an important part in the rapid transformation that is taking place in the economies of many Latin American nations. Up to 1938, budget revenues were gathered largely through customs duties, export taxes, and other indirect taxes. Since then, the use of taxation to achieve a better distribution of income has gained in these countries, where individual living standards varied in the extreme. This has meant that direct taxes on income and on wealth (which includes real property of any kind), imposed

proportionately or at progressively higher rates on larger amounts, have increased notably. Customs duties on imported products, sales and excise taxes, and other indirect taxes, of course, affect the poor as well as the rich, without regard to how much of an individual's income must go toward the purchase, and the items taxed are often essentials used in similar quantities by all. In most Latin American countries, education, water supply, police service, and many other functions that would be considered state or local matters in the United States are federal responsibilities, and taxation is similarly centralized. The following table indicates the changes in the relative importance of direct and indirect federal taxes in four of the Latin American countries and the United States in recent years. In several instances, the item "other income" includes profits from government-owned railroads and other industries or state trading corporations, as well as special taxes of many kinds. In the case of Venezuela, petroleum is responsible not only for almost all the funds included under "royalties," but also for a considerable share of the direct taxes on income and wealth.

SOURCES OF FISCAL REVENUES AS PERCENTAGES OF NATIONAL BUDGETS

	ARGENTINA	1938	1949	1953 or 1954
Direct Taxes on Income and Wealth	15.7	31.5	31.7	
Customs Duties	33.1	5.3	4.9	
Other Indirect Taxes	27.4	22.3	34.0	
Other Income	23.8	40.9	29.4	
BRAZIL				
Direct Taxes on Income and Wealth	7.4	27.0	35.4	
Customs Duties	28.3	11.1	7.8	
Other Indirect Taxes	31.5	52.3	48.5	
Other Income	32.8	9.6	8.3	
CHILE				
Direct Taxes on Income and Wealth	16.0	33.2	32.5	
Customs Duties	49.6	23.3	16.5	
Other Indirect Taxes	21.0	28.7	45.7	
Other Income	13.4	14.8	5.3	
VENEZUELA				
Direct Taxes on Income and Wealth	0.3	21.6	28.7	
Customs Duties	36.3	17.0	16.3	
Royalties	24.1	37.0	30.7	
Other Indirect Taxes	21.0	15.4	16.2	
Other Income	18.3	9.0	8.1	
UNITED STATES (1939)				
Direct Taxes on Individuals	24.5	43.8	46.1	
Direct Taxes on Corporations	22.5	27.0	29.8	
Employment Taxes	13.1	5.8	7.2	
Customs Duties	5.6	1.0	0.8	
Excise Taxes	31.0	17.6	13.2	
Other Budget Receipts	3.3	4.8	2.9	

Peru Exports Agricultural Machinery

Shipment to Brazil of the first of an order of one thousand cotton gins of the "Delimar" brand manufactured in Peru is being hailed as an outstanding industrial development. Agricultural machinery and accessories have been manufactured in Peru for several years now, and it is interesting to note that a U. S. firm paid \$825,000 for patent and production rights to one of these machines. Basic designs for all the Peruvian agricultural machinery were drawn by the famous inventor Enrique Marsano.



EQUAL and not separate

End of an era in U.S. public schools

Mercer Cook

ON MAY 17, 1954, democracy won a great victory without firing a single shot. The nine justices of the U. S. Supreme Court ruled unanimously against segregated public schools:

We conclude that in the field of public education the doctrine of "separate but equal" has no place. Separate educational facilities are inherently unequal.

Hailed as a second Emancipation Proclamation, this ruling reverses a decision handed down by the Court in 1896 to the effect that facilities for Negroes may be separate if they are equal to those afforded whites. On the basis of this theory, seventeen southern states and the District of Columbia have maintained a dual school system, one for white and one for colored children.

The glaring inequities of this dual system had been noted by many observers. In most southern states, educational appropriations per capita for white children far exceeded those for Negroes. Except in West Virginia, colored teachers carried a heavier pupil load than white teachers. Often they were paid less than white teachers with similar qualifications. In some localities, the school term for colored pupils was shorter by several months than that provided for whites.

As might be expected, the results of these inequities on the masses of Negroes were often deplorable. The sociologist E. Franklin Frazier reported in *The Negro in the United States* that in 1941 "about eleven times as many Negro registrants (12.3 per cent as compared with 1.1 per cent) as white registrants were rejected [for military service] because they were 'unable to read and write the English language as well as a student who has completed four years in an American grammar school.' The high rejection rate for Negro registrants was related to the inadequate educational provisions of the southern states for Negroes." A survey of twenty-five Negro colleges revealed that these institutions were unable to do first-class work because of the poor preparation their students had received in public secondary schools. Paradoxically, the section of the country least able to afford it was attempting to maintain this expensive, woefully inadequate dual system.

On the other hand, it must be noted that some southern Negroes were able to rise above the handicaps of the segregated schools. The lawyers who argued these cases so effectively received all or part of their education in colored schools. The late Charles Houston, Federal Judge William Hastie, and George Hayes were products of the Washington, D. C., public schools. Thurgood Marshall, special counsel for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, studied in the public schools of Baltimore, while James M. Nabrit, another prominent lawyer, received his early training in the public schools of Georgia. These and other exceptions prove not that separate schools were equal but simply that the obstacles raised by a Jim Crow system were not always unsurmountable. Because of their own personal contact with segregated schools, these lawyers knew that the handicaps facing Negro pupils in the South transcended considerations of equipment, overcrowded classes, or underpaid teachers. This was reflected in a part of the Supreme Court decision that quotes a finding by a Kansas court:

Segregation of white and colored children in public schools has a detrimental effect upon the colored children. The impact is greater when it has the sanction of the law; for the policy of separating the races is usually interpreted as denoting the inferiority of the Negro group. A sense of inferiority affects the motivation of a child to learn. Segregation with the sanction of law, therefore, has a tendency to retard the educational and mental development of Negro children and to deprive them of some of the benefits they would receive in a racially integrated system.

Conversely, it may be argued that segregated public schools have an adverse effect on the white child as well, in that they may foster a feeling of arrogant superiority. At any rate, such schools fail to prepare the child for life in a democratic community where the problem of racial coexistence must be solved.

In cases originating in Kansas, South Carolina, Virginia, and Delaware, involving state segregation laws, the Court's decision rested on the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which ordered that no state could "deny



V-Day for lawyers George E. C. Hayes, Thurgood Marshall, and James M. Nabrit, after announcement of Court's decision

to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." This was one of the amendments adopted after the Civil War (this one in 1868) for the purpose of requiring legal equality in the defeated southern states, but under the 1896 "separate but equal" ruling its intent was circumvented. In the District of Columbia case heard at the same time, the Justices went back to the Fifth Amendment, part of the original Bill of Rights of 1789, which declared that "No person . . . shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law. . . ." The scope of this phrase has long been the subject of constitutional debate and interpretation, and now the Court applied it to rule out federal laws (all District legislation is passed by the U.S. Congress) establishing segregation in Washington schools.

By its historic ruling of May 17, the Supreme Court has demolished once and for all the "separate but equal" myth. This marks the culmination of a long series of legal suits that began in the early nineteen-thirties (see my article, "What Progress toward U. S. Racial Harmony?" in the February 1953 *AMERICAS*). Though this fight has been spearheaded by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, numerous whites have contributed to its successful conclusion.

The NAACP itself is an interracial organization. For many years, Arthur Spingarn, a white New York lawyer, was chairman of its legal committee. Its legal staff is still mixed racially. More than twenty years ago, the late Nathan Margold, who served under Harold Ickes in the Department of the Interior and later became a municipal judge in the District of Columbia, prepared the first comprehensive legal study on the subject. His Negro friend and former classmate at Harvard Law School, the late Charles Houston, dean of Howard University Law School and special counsel for the NAACP, pioneered by pleading the earlier cases and planning strategy.

Other interracial organizations lent their moral and material support to the cause. At least two white southern authors—Lillian Smith, of Georgia, and Bucklin Moon, of Florida—aided the crusade with their books: *Killers of the Dream* and *The High Cost of Prejudice*. Three Presidents helped to create a more democratic climate: President Roosevelt by his executive order creating the

Fair Employment Practices Committee; President Truman by ordering integration in the armed services and by appointing special committees on civil rights and on higher education for democracy; President Eisenhower, by his pronouncements against segregation in Washington. The anti-segregation stand of both the Truman and the Eisenhower administrations was transmitted publicly to the Supreme Court by their respective attorneys general.

Moreover, the nine justices, all of whom are white, represent different sections of the country and both major political parties. Their unanimity on this controversial issue is therefore all the more impressive. Chief Justice Warren is an Eisenhower appointee and a Californian. Justices Clark of Texas, Minton of Indiana, and Burton of Ohio, are Truman appointees. Five members of the Court were named by Franklin D. Roosevelt: Black of Alabama, Reed of Kentucky, Douglas of Washington State, Jackson of Pennsylvania and New York, and Frankfurter, born in Austria but raised in New York and Massachusetts.

Because of the prejudices and mechanics involved in changing over to an integrated public school system, these men have not ordered immediate compliance with the ruling. The seventeen southern states and the District of Columbia will have time to effect the transformation smoothly; arguments on ways and means of carrying out the decision will be heard by the Court next fall. In some areas the problems are admittedly complex, but nowhere are they insoluble for men of good will.

At the moment, the newspapers and radios are reporting the fulminations of certain southern political leaders. This is not a new phenomenon; Supreme Court decisions have not always been immediately palatable to all tastes. Moreover, there is always the question of to what extent these politicians really represent the considered opinion of the thinking white people of the South today. As a Negro who has lived most of his life in the South, I believe that many white Southerners are feeling something akin to relief (although they might not recognize or admit it) now that the cancer of the segregated school is about to be cut from the body politic.

Wherever white university students have been polled on the subject, the majority has favored the admission of Negro students. On the elementary level, unless their parents insist on indoctrinating their offspring with their own bias, the children will soon find a *modus vivendi*; they will quickly learn to accept each other on an individual rather than a racial basis.

To my mind, the reactions of four southern high school students, as reported in the *Washington Post and Times Herald* for May 18, were more significant than the immoderate language of the Governor of Georgia:

A reporter stopped four pupils and asked them how they felt the ruling would affect public education in Virginia.

Each seemed unperturbed by the decision and expressed a belief that everything would work out all right.

Chrystal Seeds said she felt the court had handed down a "fair decision" and Jill Liganex said it would "be better this way."

Mike Arkin said he believed things would "work out to

the best of everybody in the end," adding that a non-segregation policy "works up North."

Robert Madigan took the view that there might be "some trouble in the beginning" but that the obstacles could be hurdled eventually.

As many foreign visitors have observed, the U. S. citizen is essentially law-abiding. Recently he has accepted decrees that ended the white primary, restrictive covenants, segregated dining cars, a number of segregated graduate schools, and segregated armed forces. In Washington he has accepted the ruling that opened the doors of restaurants and theaters to Negro patrons, and no appreciable friction has ensued. Each of these progressive steps was opposed before it was enacted and enforced. And so with the unconstitutional segregated school; it cannot continue indefinitely. If violence and threats of violence are met with firmness by those who administer and enforce the laws, unrest should be kept to a minimum.

The timid can take heart from an experience described by Richard Lewis in *The Reporter* for December 6, 1949. Segregated public schools in Indiana, once a stronghold of the Ku Klux Klan, had been outlawed, and the principal of a certain elementary school was frightened.

Today, the day of the change, five Negro children were coming to start in the first grade. The Schoolmaster had heard rumors of trouble. There had been anonymous

the intersection by her mother. As the mother and child waited on the corner, it seemed to the Schoolmaster that the whole structure of security in the neighborhood began to rock.

The traffic policeman saw the mother and child and blew his whistle. The stream of traffic parted like the waters of Jordan, and the pair hurried across the street. A white boy about ten years old ran past them, looked back, and ran on to join the massed children.

As the young matron approached with the new pupil, the phalanx of children blocking the walk began to shift into uneven contours, and a lane appeared through which the new arrivals moved.

In short, no incident occurred. On that day real education, not separate but truly equal, began in that elementary school in Indianapolis.

A more conclusive precedent—and one that should



Spotswood Bolling, Jr., first principal in D. C. case, was one of five Negroes who carried their plea to the Supreme Court

be studied by all southern educators—is "The New Jersey Story," as related by Joseph L. Bustard in the Summer 1952 issue of *Journal of Negro Education*. As Assistant Commissioner of Education and Director of the New Jersey Department of Education's Division Against Discrimination, Mr. Bustard is eminently qualified to discuss the change from segregated to integrated schools in the southern counties of that state.

The situation in New Jersey was a peculiar one. Since 1881 segregated public schools had been banned by the State Legislature. The northern counties had complied with this law; the southern counties had disregarded it. In 1945, however, the State Legislature passed a Fair Employment Practices bill providing for the creation of a Division Against Discrimination in the State Department of Education.

Two years later the people of the state adopted a new constitution, which in Article I, Section 5, outlawed segregation in the public schools. The fulfillment of this provision became the responsibility of the Division Against Discrimination, which conducted a survey that revealed the existence of segregated public schools in fifty-two school districts. In nine of these districts, segregation was caused by geographical conditions; since pupils attend the public school nearest their residence, obviously nothing could be done to de-segregate schools in areas inhabited almost solely by Negroes. In the remaining forty-three districts, however, the Division found "deliberate segregation of pupils in the elementary school and, in one of these, deliberate segregation at the junior high school level." To correct this situation, the Divi-

(Continued on page 31)



In certain areas nonsegregation is not new. Mixed group is watching a marionette show in a New York City park

telephone calls to the school office threatening a parents' strike and picketing. The Schoolmaster wished the day were over.

As he paced nervously from his desk to the window, he wondered why some of the older pupils were congregating in front of the building. Were they not planning something? Should he call for additional police protection? Apparently the newspaper photographer also expected trouble, for there he was with camera set up. What would happen when the first Negro child appeared?

It was seventeen minutes after eight when the crisis finally began. It was heralded by a little Negro girl with a red ribbon in her hair, who was being escorted toward

Mexico's 29TH STATE

Federal legislation brings potentially rich northern half of Baja California into the union

Marion Wilhelm

THE CITIZENS of Baja California, the long, narrow arm of western Mexico that dangles almost eight hundred miles southward from the U. S. border between the blue Pacific and the Gulf of California, think and talk like homesteaders of the western United States in the nineteenth century. For in a sense these enthusiastic Mexicans

can see we've got wheat, too. We've got cotton and tomatoes. You might think of this as just a sleepy old pirate hangout. But cotton gins, canneries, and fish—especially fish—are changing it. And what you don't see—copper, gold and silver, manganese, and iron ore—is locked up in the hills and mountains inland."



Baja California's main road is surfaced to point about one hundred and fifty miles south of U. S. border, then becomes often-impassable trail

are also frontiersmen. Wealthy ranchers with enormous holdings, braceros brought in from northern Mexico to plant and harvest, fishermen, vintners, canners, and even the city slickers along the U. S. border are pinning their hopes on Baja California's economic future. Most of them, outside of the border cities, are relative newcomers to the peninsula, the northern half of which has just become Mexico's twenty-ninth and newest state.

"Look at those olive groves," said a bronzed rancher on the flat, ocean-tempered coastal land south of the border towns of Tijuana and Mexicali, the capital. "You

Over in the hot, cactus-studded desert region that lies beyond the green reach of the Colorado River, another rancher scooped up a handful of the salty earth. "You wouldn't think this alkaline dirt was good for growing anything but cactus. But they say the government is going to dig us wells so we can grow cotton—like up in the Mexicali Valley."

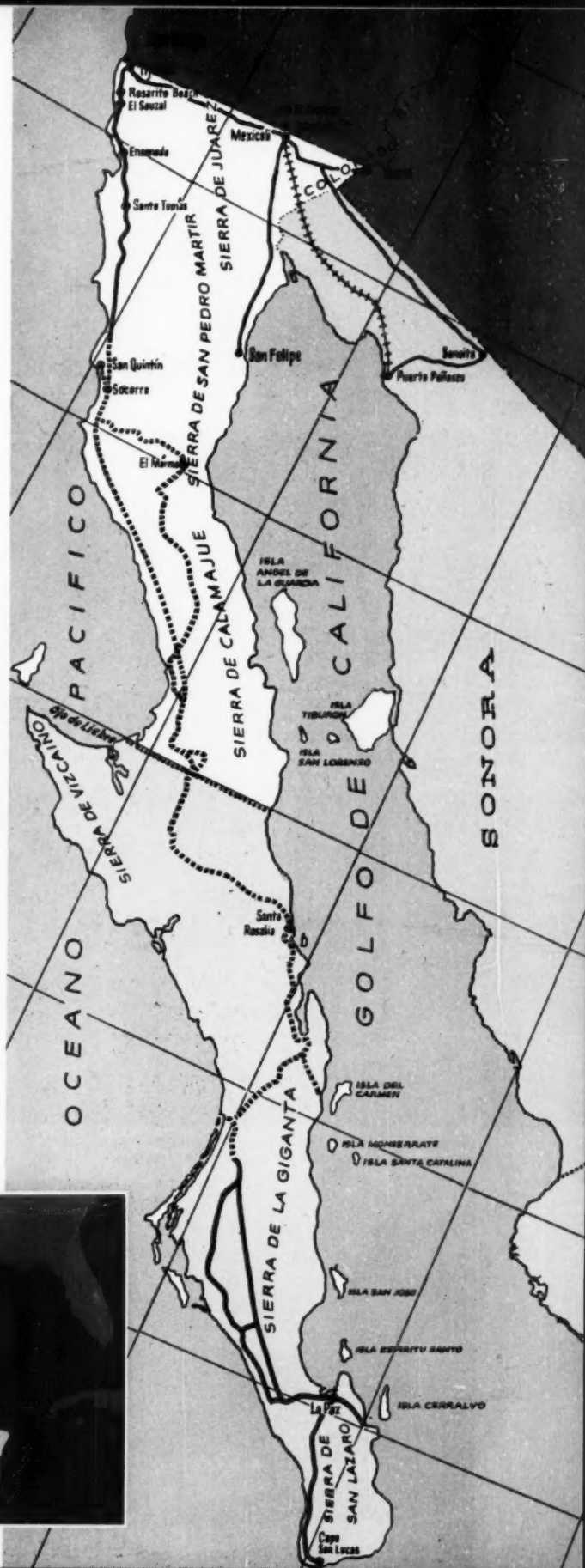
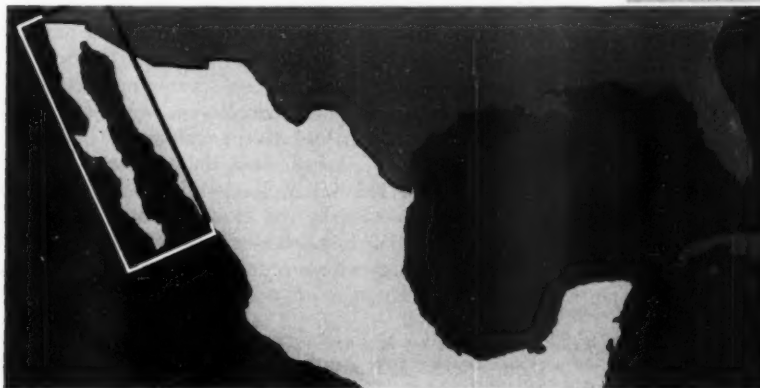
Seventy-five miles down the Pacific coast, at the Ensenada waterfront, a barefoot fisherman unloaded his big haul of sardines in the red glow of sunset. "Fishing is always good along these shores," he told me. "We can

catch as many fish as the cannery can pack—and people can eat.”

Ensenada is a fast-growing resort town (its population is now nineteen thousand), hugging wide sandy beaches. Business is bustling in its dozens of hotels, motels, and restaurants. With its modern tourist accommodations, styled to U. S. tastes, it might be any busy coastal city in the United States. “People coming down from California to fish and swim seem surprised to find these good motels,” observed a tourist guide. “I don’t see why. We’re looking for dollars down here, and fancy lodging is one way to get them.”

The new state has powerful political forces to attract federal public works. Men like Miguel Alemán and Abelardo Rodríguez, both formerly President, and Luis Salazar own ranches and businesses there (Rodríguez and Salazar were governors of Baja California while it was a territory). They and others with money are bringing farmers from the Mexican mainland, principally from the state of Sonora across the Gulf, to open fresh land to cultivation, run the new canneries, harvest the vast fishing wealth of the coasts, and build roads, irrigation canals, and other public works the state hopes to acquire. To fight for federal support of its development projects, it now has its own senators. Its governor, Braulio Maldonado, won office in a significant election—the first Mexican state election to poll the newly enfranchised women voters. A native Baja Californian and son of a shoemaker, Governor Maldonado rose through the ranks of the dominant Institutional Revolutionary Party. “We can do much toward developing the fishing and mining industries,” he has told visitors. “There are many areas as yet unexploited. In Santa Ursula alone, near Ensenada, there are thirty-seven million tons of iron in sight of everyone. We also have large supplies of tungsten, manganese, and cobalt. There are even indications of oil.”

But the peninsula of Lower California, for all the beauty of its ocean-washed shores, is not an easy target for economic development. Rugged and virtually uninhabited mountains split its tapering length (its average width is only about fifty-five miles) into hot dry desert stretches reminiscent of Arizona or New Mexico. Long isolated from the Mexican mainland, it has almost no land communications. It is virtually impossible to travel overland from the border towns to La Paz in the far south, although rugged adventurers with the time and energy to zigzag over primitive dirt roads have done it. The only





Ensenada is booming community less than a hundred miles south of San Diego, California. A fishing center, it has shops, cafes, . . .



. . . and a number of motels and hotels, like the Riviera Pacifico, shown here, whose history dates back to Prohibition era



Tourists from U.S.A. and mainland of Mexico land at this modern airport, part of extensive Ensenada resort facilities



feasible way to travel beyond San Quintín on the Pacific side and San Felipe on the Gulf—both connected by paved highway with the border—is by plane. A single railroad runs from Mexicali on the international border to Sonora, to connect with the old Southern Pacific line running south along the west coast of the Mexican mainland.

The southern boundary of the new state lies slightly north of the hornlike Sierra Vizcaíno, which juts westward into the Pacific about halfway down the peninsula. North of it live about five-sixths of the peninsula's still meager population of some three hundred thousand.

The lonely southern half of the peninsula, still a federal territory and now governed by General Olachea, combines the gentle beauty of languid blue bays with the harsh splendor of barren mountains and vast desert stretches. Rivers run wild in the time of rain. In the long dry season, water is scarce. Foothills along the lower Gulf of California coast are aflame with the deep orange of copper. The dry semi-mountainous, semi-desert terrain is the country of cactus, which clings to rock and sand, and of the date palm, the wild fig tree, and citrus fruit trees.

The only population center of any size in southern Baja California is the Gulf port of La Paz, a fishing paradise. Its big bay used to be a thriving oyster basin that produced colored pearls for the world market, but a curious blight wiped out the oysters about fifteen years ago. Today sailfish, bonito, tuna, barracuda, albacore, sea trout, and giant sea bass—including the rare totuava—lure thousands of sports fishermen annually to this quiet tropical community on a palm-ringed bay. A favorite tourist sport is underwater spear fishing with diving masks.

But except around the widely scattered tropical fishing hamlets along its long southern coastal line, the only other visitors to the rocky coves of the southern peninsula are gray whales—and they are seasonal. The winter months bring these interesting oceanic migrants to estuaries of the southern peninsula to give birth to their young.

Over the years, Baja California's virtual isolation from the Mexican mainland made it an adventure ground for pirates preying on rich Spanish ships from hidden cover, the intermittent battleground for self-appointed rulers, the coveted prize of California adventurers wanting to annex it, and, for years, a thriving center for dope peddlers and gamblers.

Discovered four hundred years ago by the Spaniards, Baja California had to wait centuries to attract even the political attention of the New World colonizers. After its discovery by Fortún Jiménez, Cortés himself led an expedition to its extreme south. He left twenty-three men behind while he went back to the mainland for supplies, and most of them perished. Then the long peninsula was abandoned to a handful of Jesuit missionaries, most of whom were murdered by the hostile Indians. The Spaniards, on the other hand, brought near-extinction to the Indian inhabitants with a scourge of European diseases.

(Continued on page 43)

Agua Caliente race track, near Tijuana, attracts international horse players and celebrities from all over



Jungle setting for Dr. Carlos Rapozo's house in Rio de Janeiro

Burle Marx of Brazil designs

José Gómez-Sicre

AFTER THE ACHIEVEMENTS of Versailles and Schönbrunn, mankind seemed to lose interest in garden progress. The watery pyrotechnics that provided solace for the last Bourbon kings of France and the intricate botanical labyrinths in which the last Hapsburgs took refuge from courtly cares were looked upon as matchless models. The world came to be filled with little Versailles and Schönbrunns on varying scales, just as acres of its cities were covered with the alien shapes of Parthenons, Notre Dames, and Trianons. Undoubtedly, the gardens of the eighteenth century possessed an enchantment of their own. But their unalterably symmetrical flower beds, their singing fountains with little angels or dolphins, their terraces on different levels, their bushes trimmed into swans and lyres by gardeners with the virtuosity of

gardens for today

hairdressers, began to show the sterility of the academic, the rigidity of a pattern. There were no geographical limits to this imitation, and the cruel imposition of foreign molds on formless nature spread throughout the world. The Europeans tried to tame ferocious nature in the Africa they civilized; nor did America escape a lamentable cultural serfdom to the lands across the Atlantic.

Fortunately, modern architecture called attention to the possibilities of a different kind of garden, applying the new esthetic ideas, not an appendix unrelated to the house itself. Water and plants were recognized as having function and beauty in themselves and ceased to be false hair trimming the faces of buildings. They became a part and prolongation of the structures conceived by the archi-



Minister of Education's personal office opens on this Burle Marx terrace garden. Another tops fifteenth-story roof

tect. They had a reason for being. They approached closer and closer to man and were incorporated into his immediate surroundings. In a word, they came alive. Once again they took on the importance they had had in the Asiatic cultures, in Spain under the Arabs, and in Renaissance Italy.

The most advanced and significant step in contemporary architecture in America—after the U.S. skyscraper—has been taken in Brazil. Brazilian building, in addition to developing an esthetic personality of its own, has found intelligent solutions to the problem of adapting modern architecture to torrid climates—achievements known throughout the world. And because the country possesses a very extensive flora and a climate that keeps it almost changeless throughout the seasons, the garden in the new Brazilian architecture has become something worth studying.

Until a few years ago, Brazilian cities were hybrid affairs mixing various academic styles, and their gardens were made up almost exclusively of European plants, employed in a traditional and imitative manner. One of the chief exponents of the new art of gardening that arose along with the new architecture has been a Brazilian, Roberto Burle Marx.



*Burle Marx examines giant birthwort (*Aristolochia gigantea*) from Bahia in shaded nursery on his farm*

The profession of landscape artist is no accident in Burle Marx, even though it might seem a sideline in his life as a painter. His pictures are exhibited in Brazil and abroad. A number of his murals, in tile and fresco, adorn the walls of the crowning examples of his country's modern architecture. He has made designs for Aubusson tapestries and for printed fabrics, as well as stage sets and costumes for a play and a ballet. But when Burle Marx is mentioned in Brazil, his name is instantly associated with gardens. Not for nothing did his parents give him, as a child, a little piece of ground to work with at their old house in the Leme section of Rio de Janeiro. There the boy began to give direction to the instinct for arranging nature that later was translated into a delightful profession.

Roberto Burle Marx was born in São Paulo in 1909. His father, Wilhelm Marx, a German Jew, had established himself in the country several years before and married a Pernambuco girl, Cecilia Burle. With their six children, they settled in Rio in 1913. From the beginning, the mother imbued all the family with a love for music, but only Walter, Roberto's composer brother, who now lives in Philadelphia, made a profession of it. Through music, which early awakened his sensibility, Roberto made his way toward art.

When he was nineteen, his parents sent him to Germany to study art. He attended a small, academically minded school in Berlin in 1928 and '29, and it was only at the end of his stay that he became acquainted with works of Picasso, Klee, and Kandinsky, the European artists who made the deepest impression on him. Despite this personal preference, he desired to continue his studies methodically and with discipline, and when he returned to Rio in 1930 he enrolled in the School of Fine Arts.

This excursion through the world of the plastic arts, in Berlin and Rio, never separated him from his vegetal world. In the Dehlen Botanical Garden in Germany he was fascinated by the scientific seriousness with which plants of every region of the earth were exhibited. There he found a section displaying Brazilian cacti he had never seen at home. On his return to Brazil, this interest was accentuated, and he set to work seeking out rare species and experimenting with them in his small garden.

producing surprisingly beautiful examples of caladium and anthurium. With so little space to cultivate, he acquired the carefulness of an amateur botanical investigator. At the same time, his artistic instinct led him to use his plants to produce visual pleasure.

The effects Roberto achieved with his contrasting vegetation came to the attention of the architect Lucio Costa, a neighbor of the Marxes in Leme, who persuaded him to take technical charge of the arrangement of a garden. Distributing the colors of the plants and organizing spaces with a painter's eye, just as he might arrange the elements of a composition on canvas, Burle Marx opened a field of new possibilities in Brazilian gardening. The job was begun in 1933 and finished early the next year, and its success won him other similar orders. As an almost immediate reward, he was commissioned to design and supervise the planting of the public gardens of Recife, the capital of Pernambuco State. These included the Praça da República, the Casa Forte Aquatic Gardens, and the Bemfica Cactus Garden.

In 1937 Burle Marx returned to Rio de Janeiro and, this time as a painter, worked as an assistant to Cândido Portinari on the murals entitled "Products of Brazil" for the new Ministry of Education building. The next year he designed the gardens for the same structure, which is today regarded as the starting point of the new Brazilian architecture. He prepared not only the gardens at street level but also, for the first time, one on a flat roof fifteen stories up. There, far above, the same free, undulating forms of the ground-floor garden are carried on.

Three years later the Roberto brothers—architects

Marcelo, Milton, and Mauricio—entrusted him with the design of another aerial garden for the building of the Brazilian Press Association, which stands, beautiful and sober, close to the Ministry of Education. From that moment on, the name of Roberto Burle Marx was associated with the triumphs of Brazilian building, and he began to be considered indispensable for any project that called for a garden.

This success as a landscape architect did not deter him from his painting, and he continued producing canvases, exhibiting them both in Brazil and abroad. Museums in Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, Bahia, and Buenos Aires bought his works. In 1941 several of his pieces appeared in an exhibition of Brazilian painting in London. His oil



Garden (later destroyed) at town hall of Petrópolis, mountain summer resort

Table and Saxophone won the gold medal at the National Salon in Rio in 1946. Two years later he was represented in the Brazilian painting section at the Venice Biennial.

Without giving up either line of activity, he took a vacation in Europe in 1947 along with several architect friends. They visited Italy, France, Germany, Portugal, and England. In London, an architect commissioned him to do the garden for a house, and *The Architectural Review* devoted a long article to him in which Claude Vincent called him "the real creator of the modern garden." His work had been attracting international attention since 1942, when it played an outstanding part in the exhibit *Brazil Builds*, presented by the Museum of Modern Art in New York and afterward circulated through the United States.

The exhibit was accompanied by a catalogue in book form that was widely distributed throughout the world. In it the name of Burle Marx appeared alongside that of Oscar Niemeyer, the architect with whom he collaborated on the Ministry of Education and the Belo Horizonte suburb of Pampulha (recently the scene of a disastrous flood), where he had charge of the gardens of the Casino, the Yacht Club, and the church. He has also worked with other architects, and we find projects of his at the Hotel Amazonas in remote Manaus and in

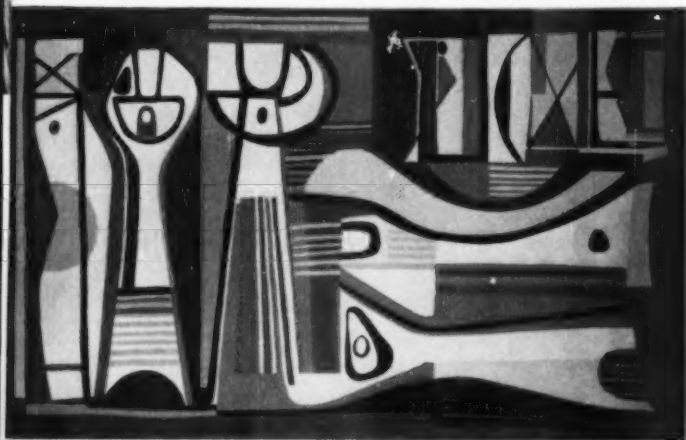


Burle Marx used plants, walks, pools, and mural for garden of government insurance agency building

the public plazas of the cities of Bahia, Macabú, and Paraíba. He has adorned Rio with the imaginative landscaping that welcomes the traveler at the Galeão and Santos Dumont airports and enlivens the center walk of Botafogo Avenue, the Praça Sáenz Peña, the square in front of the Jockey Club, and an extensive forest setting in the suburb of Tijuca.

But his work is not limited to plazas and gardens; he also makes imaginative arrangements for living rooms and even for dining tables. For the visits to Rio of President Truman in 1947 and Secretary of State Acheson in 1952, the protocol office of the Foreign Ministry called on Burle Marx to take charge of the floral arrangements in the reception halls and banquet room. These brief jobs, he says, are better paid than his architectural designs, on which he spends days and nights of vigil before the drawing board.

I went to visit him in Leme one day in the middle of last December. The studio, workshops, and even corridors of the house seemed to be invaded by tree trunks, with branches but no leaves, painted in unusual colors. In one corner stood a gigantic and exotic bouquet of logs, dry branches, and spines. Burle Marx was giving orders. Various workmen and one of his brothers were helping, and his mother, nephews, and architectural assistants were all busy carrying out their assignments. The place seemed a beehive. Although the artist had been expecting me, our conversation was interrupted several times by the work at hand. A large order for these strange "Christmas trees" had to be filled that very afternoon.

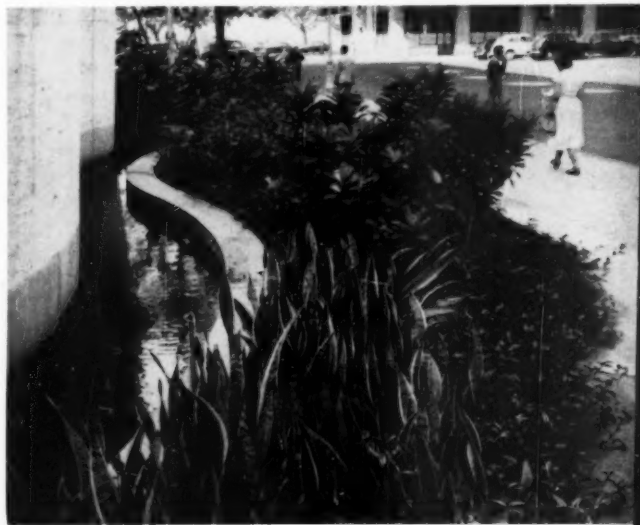


Design, mainly in greens, for Aubusson tapestry, of which only one was woven

I was there to settle some details of an exhibition of his work that was inaugurated at the Pan American Union in May and is now being circulated throughout the United States by the Smithsonian Institution. Although this was to be a somewhat smaller show than the one presented by the São Paulo Museum of Art in 1952, we still had some problems to thrash out regarding the dimensions of the designs. In one room the tables were full of projects, on which his seven assistants work. Upstairs, all ready to be sent to Washington, were his

marvelous colored plans for gardens, which, quite apart from their practical function, can be regarded as works of art in themselves.

Roberto Burle Marx is a bachelor. He lives with his mother and with the governess who brought him up, Ana Piasek, an old lady of Hungarian descent who generally goes along when he spends weekends on his farm in Santo Antonio da Bica, about an hour's drive from Rio. He is a very modest man, tranquil, communicative, and cheerful, incapable of losing his good humor even when



Pool follows curving wall of new U. S. Embassy in Rio

overwhelmed by obligations. Of medium height and with hair that is beginning to gray, he looks more European than Brazilian. He speaks with the characteristic Rio accent.

"In art," he told me, "preconceptions or fixed ideas always lead to sterility. I consider myself outside all trends and orthodoxies. I do not want to fall into excesses in any direction—whether the asepis of the so-called 'concrete' groups who deny all human emotion or the romantic narrative of those who want a message, a content, at all costs."

As we talked I had a chance to admire some of his paintings, hung on the walls of some of the rooms and along the stairway. Oils done in different years showed that the painter was alert to the new trends in art, and in some of them I detected a certain influence of the Portinari of around 1940. Nevertheless, Burle Marx's painting has a personal accent.

When the "Christmas trees" were finished, he helped his workmen load them into a truck, climbed aboard with them, and, after inviting me to visit his farm the following Sunday, disappeared down Copacabana Avenue.

Scattered about the nearly one hundred hilly, irregular acres of the farm are the enormous nurseries that provide the plants for his gardens—not only the well-known Brazilian flora but also rare plants he brings back from

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HOUSE OF CULTURE

What the ten-year-old Casa de la Cultura has done for the arts and sciences in Ecuador

Lilo Linke

TEN YEARS AGO, the prospects for writers and artists in Ecuador were bleak, to put it mildly. The country simply had no publishers. An author's only recourse was to pay a mediocre printer to put out his book—and then distribute it as best he could among his friends. Newspapers and magazines occasionally accepted contributions as a favor, and without payment.

The painter was no better off. Ecuadorean patrons of modern art totaled half a dozen, at most; the artist's only other hope was the few foreigners who might drop in once

in a while at his studio. As for the sculptor—no one cared to put up his "queer" creations in drawing room or garden. The musician? No chance to have his compositions printed, and few opportunities to have them played. The theater was something for the elite, who on rare occasions paid high prices to admire a foreign company naïve enough to stop over in Quito for a night on the way to a larger capital.

But that was ten years ago. Today leading writers are paid decent royalties; excellent Ecuadorean literary and other magazines circulate throughout Latin America; art exhibits, concerts, handicraft shows are held all over the country. And every prominent man of letters, scientist, or artist who comes to Ecuador from any part of the world heads straight for the local branch of the Casa de la Cultura Ecuatoriana, the organization that is largely responsible for the remarkable change in a whole country's intellectual outlook.

Next August 9, this "House of Culture" will round out a decade of activity in science and education, literature and the arts. It has branches in every provincial capital. Besides its various publishing ventures—140 books, over a hundred pamphlets, and 250 issues of various magazines—the Casa has organized some four hundred lectures and round-table conferences, 125 concerts and poetry readings, 105 art exhibitions. More than that, it has brought together in common effort men of widely diverse political and religious convictions: monks with a scientific or artistic bent, left-wing intellectuals, Liberal university

Opening of a Casa exhibit. Honduran Ambassador Rafael Heliodoro Valle recently introduced OAS Council resolution lauding Casa's work



professors, Conservative Party leaders with a serious interest in archeology.

The Casa in Quito is housed in its own building that rises at the edge of the Parque de Mayo, the largest and most beautiful park in town. Tourists wander through it with delight, admiring its murals, the first ever painted in Ecuador; the picture gallery; the museum of musical instruments, probably unique in the Hemisphere; and the permanent exhibition of Ecuadorean books.

The president of the Casa is one of its founders, Benjamín Carrión, a distinguished writer known all over the Spanish-speaking world. Among his closest collaborators in the different sections are Pío Jaramillo Alvarado, the pioneer "Indianist" of Ecuador and president of the Casa from 1948 to 1950; Alfredo Pérez Guerrero, rector of the Central University; Emilio Uzcátegui, one of the country's outstanding educators; the historian Isaac J. Barrera; and the writers Jorge Icaza, author of *Huasipungo*, which has been translated into all the major and some of the minor languages of the world, and Alfredo Pareja, whose novels are read from Mexico south to Chile. The general secretary, Enrique Garcés, and the assistant secretary, Hugo Alemán, have also published several excellent books, and the rest of the staff includes two poets and a painter.

At the time the Casa was founded, only the government was powerful enough to come to the rescue of writers and artists in the small, geographically divided, relatively undeveloped country. President Arroyo del Río had already tried by founding the Instituto Cultural Ecuatoriano and providing it with ample funds: the income from a special tax of .75 per cent imposed on the value of all exports. However, the Institute had a very academic idea of culture, excluding anything modern, controversial, or Indian—that is to say, entirely ignoring the Ecuador of today.

Then came the revolution of May 1944. It seemed as if a new Ecuador was to be built almost overnight, with President José María Velasco Ibarra at the head. In the upsurge of general enthusiasm, nothing seemed more desirable than to develop national pride by fostering cultural affairs. Not quite three months after the revolution, the Casa de la Cultura Ecuatoriana was founded.

President Velasco selected from a list of outstanding intellectuals a total of thirteen board members, who in turn elected Carrión president and enlarged their circle by electing an additional fourteen. All serve for a three-year period and may be reelected. A fortnight after the thirteen meet to elect their successors, the fourteen do the same. For the last few years, the cultural organizations in the three main sections of the country—sierra, coast, and southern provinces—have also elected one member each, to join the twenty-seven.

The Casa is an autonomous institution, independent of the government except for its funds. At its disposal are 80 per cent of the funds originally destined for the Instituto Cultural. With the rapid increase in exports over the last decade (from twenty-seven million dollars in 1944 to seventy-four and a half million in 1953), these funds eventually reached the impressive total of eight million sucres, or nearly half a million dollars. Unfortunately,



Writers, painters, and musicians attended round table on literature in connection with tenth-anniversary celebrations. President of Casa, eminent Ecuadorean essayist Benjamín Carrión, is speaking

however, new export regulations in force since January 1 this year will considerably reduce the Casa's future annual income.

Of this sum, about 6 per cent is spent on the upkeep and staff salaries of various institutions now attached to the Casa de la Cultura: the National Library, the National Museum, the National Archives, and the two museums housed in the Casa itself. Another 23 per cent goes to the fourteen branches, which have been set up gradually and represent the most effective effort ever made to spread cultural endeavors over the entire country.

By now the Casa's tangible property is worth close to forty million sucres; the Casa headquarters, with a huge



Ecuadorean President José María Velasco Ibarra (looking at catalogue) visits the Casa he helped to found

annex for the national archives nearing completion; an enormous seven-story cement building in the port of Guayaquil, and a series of houses occupied by the branches in other towns; libraries, art collections, printing presses, and so on.

Some idea of the manifold activities may be obtained from a visit to the Casa in Quito. In the central hall, beneath the murals painted by the young Ecuadorean artists José Enrique Guerrero and Diógenes Paredes, are row on row of glass showcases in which works by Ecu-

dorean authors are permanently exhibited. The collection includes some 3,500 books and pamphlets on every conceivable subject.

To the left is the library, where anybody may relax with a book in the comfortable club-chairs. Of the ten thousand volumes here, three thousand were donated by the French Embassy, another fifteen hundred by the U. S. Embassy, 150 by the prominent Mexican publishing firm Fondo de Cultura Económica. Most of the rest were obtained by purchase or by exchange arrangements between the Casa and institutions and publishers abroad. The library walls are covered with modern paintings, which



Casa reception for visiting anthropologist Paul Rivet (fifth from right), director of the Musée de l'Homme in Paris

the Casa has bought from both Ecuadorean and visiting foreign artists. Four or five large sculptures were similarly acquired.

Nothing shows more clearly what the Casa means to the country's cultural life than its publishing department. The largest of its kind in Ecuador, it occupies the entire basement, where ten printing presses and twenty men and women are constantly at work. There are also folding and book-binding machines and a rotogravure section. The Casa's own editions and five reviews are published here, of course, as is the monthly bulletin of its radio station. Cultural associations, schools, private theatrical groups, artists, and intellectuals take it for granted that their magazines, programs, prospectuses will be printed there. The Casa supplies paper, cardboard, and so on, and may even pay for the illustrations.



On a typical day last month, the visitor would have found one press busy printing the second volume of Isaac J. Barrera's *Historia de la Literatura Ecuatoriana*, another producing the color sections of *Letras del Ecuador*, the Casa's newspaper-size literary magazine of up to thirty-two pages, of which number 89 is now in circulation. The third press was printing the *Revista de la Sociedad Juridico-Literaria* as the Casa's contribution to the work of that renowned society.

At a small German press nearby, the printer bent over the well-designed program for a showing of *The Glass Menagerie* by the Chamber Theater, one of the many artistic endeavors backed by the Casa. A fourth press was printing the thirtieth issue of the *Revista Ecuatoriana de Educación*, another Casa magazine. Two more magazines were also on the presses just then, one for the Institute of Criminology, the other privately edited by a well-known teacher.

No one pays the Casa a cent for all this. The Casa, on the contrary, pays its authors and illustrators very reasonable fees—a real innovation in Ecuador. Royalties vary, according to the length of the work, the size of the edition, reader appeal, and so on, from one to six thousand sucres (about sixty to 360 U. S. dollars). At the same time the author receives two or three hundred free copies, to distribute or sell as he chooses. Or he may even ask that his work be printed free. In the case of books by Ecuadorean authors already published abroad, the Casa will buy a certain number of copies and present them to distinguished intellectuals or public libraries both in Ecuador and elsewhere.

Thus about 80 per cent of Ecuadorean writing of any merit now has the support it so bitterly needed. The Casa's editions have steadily improved in appearance, and thanks to the assistance of a UNESCO expert last year, are now very handsome volumes. Copies are available in bookstores or at the Casa. Members of many organizations such as the trade unions receive reductions of up to 70 per cent on the already low list price, which hardly covers the cost of the paper. A three-hundred-page novel or history of Ecuadorean literature, for example, may be had for 7.50 sucres (less than half a dollar), the thirteenth and latest 470-page issue of the *Revista de la Casa de la Cultura* for 1.50 sucres. *Letras del Ecuador* may be bought at any newsstand for a mere sucre.

On the other hand, it is no exaggeration to point out that only since the foundation of the Casa has Ecuadorean literature become known beyond the capital. The Casa circulation department keeps forty-eight foreign countries on its mailing list, not only all the Americas, but some countries of Europe and Asia. Last February, for instance, of the five thousand copies of the various magazines that left Quito, nearly half went abroad—together with a mountain of books.

Ecuadorean artists are given equal encouragement. So far, the Casa has organized six national art exhibitions, held in the center of town on the ground floor of the Colonial Art Museum. The wide-open doors invited any passerby to enter, from foreign tourist to ambulant

(Continued on page 41)

A visitor examines embroidery of a Salasaca Indian at First Popular Arts Exposition, one of many exhibitions staged by the Casa



Fragment of large polychrome jar from coast region of Tiahuanaco culture shows realistic human face

ANCIENT ARTS OF THE ANDES

Pre-Columbian treasures make
up a brilliant show at the
Museum of Modern Art, New York

Angélica Mendoza

I STOPPED in the semidarkness, astonished. Entering the third floor of the Museum of Modern Art in New York was like emerging into a strange world. Behind were the precise line and brilliant color of Matisse, the disturbing dynamism of Picasso. Beyond, in the noisy street, reared the tall monotonous bulk of skyscrapers with their thousands of identical windows reflecting the setting sun. But here in this room, voices were hushed and the spirit was lulled by a sense of proportion. I had left the twentieth century for the mystery of centuries long dead. How many? Before me a unique panorama was unfolding: within the confines of one room were thousands of years of imagination and human life, in the shape of objects created, used, and preserved by the ancient men who lived in the Andes.

Suddenly religious awe pulled me up short. In the black depths, a ray of light picked out the mass of a looming monolith, carved all over with simple, precise patterns, with the fierce image of a feline deity in the foreground: the famous *El Lanzón* (Spear) of Chavín de Huántar, the oldest and most celebrated prehistoric sculpture, discovered in the structure known as "El Castillo" in the Callejón de Huaylas, a Peruvian valley between the eastern and western ridges of the Andes. Chavín culture, whose origin is lost in American antiquity, flourished between 1200 and 400 B.C. The shape of the monolith, like a titan's lance, and the fanged feline deity left me wondering and stupefied; perhaps this is the same emotion it produced in ancient Andean men, who through it symbolized the supernatural and invincible powers.



Wooden mirror handle in form of standing man holding two trophy heads, found near Trujillo, northern Peru

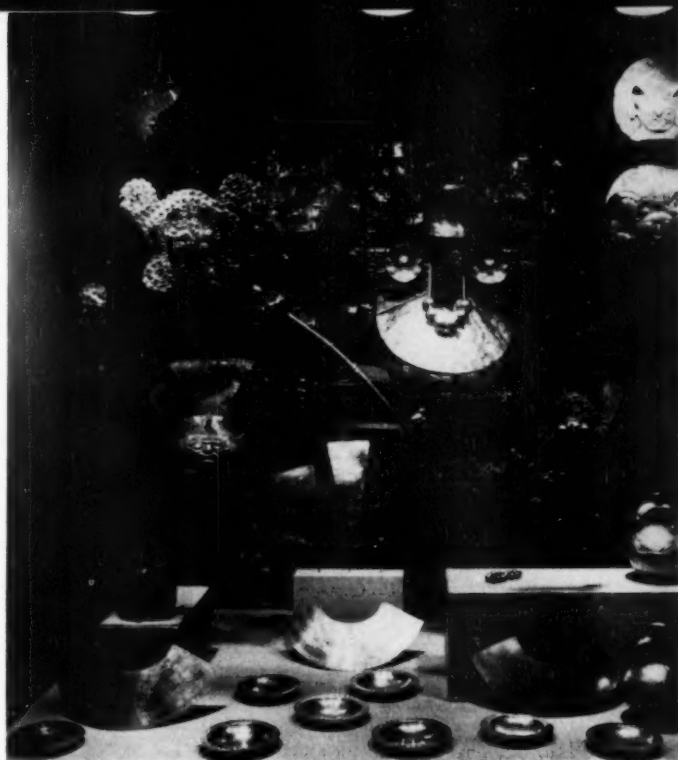
In a shadowy corner of the entry rose another stylized representation of the feline deity. Superimposed harmoniously in the white stone were a series of figures. Under a fabulous headdress of cat and serpent heads adorned with feathers, the deity stood squarely on powerful feet armed with talons, its arms enfolding bundles of flowering branches whose significance eluded me. Memory suddenly transported me to ancient Mexico, and a vision of Coatlicue—mother of the gods in the Aztec theogony—took shape; but there was a difference. Instead of a feeling of mass and power, there was the austere, abstract stylization of the Stela Raimondi. It was found in the region of Chavín de Huántar, a religious center whose culture and style seem to have spread far and wide and deeply through the Andes, into a series of diverse cultures. Another image of the deity appeared in a stone mortar in the shape of a puma. Powerful incisors locked its jaws; curious symbols, such as serpents and crosses, were cut into the body; the eyes were oval, the nose round, the whiskers curved. Perfectly proportioned, the figure was given a kind of balance and majesty by a heavy tail scored with parallel lines. These same characteristics appeared in thousands of ritual and luxury objects, so important was the feline image in the Andean artist's conception.

Beyond, there were fantastic things in the shadows: a vessel in the shape of a human head but with features arranged in the dynamic fashion of a 1920 Picasso; a beautiful strong warrior's head reminiscent of the *Eagle*



Woven Nazca poncho is unusual for its simplicity and boldness

Warrior of Aztec art, much admired by Rodin. Now we were in the main room of the exhibition. Ahead shone the splendor of a showcase full of gold objects dating from a brilliant age whose apogee was from 1300 to 1438 of the Christian era—before Spain became a nation.



Showcase of gold objects belonging to a Chimú king demonstrates dramatic setting in which Andean arts were displayed

They conjured up in the imagination the figure of the Chimú king, who used them when he appeared before his people at great religious ceremonies. There was his crown balanced on his head, all of burnished gold, ending in four gold feathers incised with geometric figures and animals; the necklace of thick gold beads on the imposing breastplate; in his invisible ears, enormous earrings shining like suns. At his side was gold in every form: cups, dishes, masks, jewelry, miscellaneous objects. Gleaming on the wall behind were plaques of gold hammered with an artist's precision. From the ceiling hung ritual masks—one with the stylized head of a condor, others with broad human faces with curved lips. These were the treasures of men who had already built cities and cemeteries and who knew the meaning of luxury long before Europeans dreamed of an American continent.

More than four hundred precious objects from American prehistory were gathered together to make up this show, entitled "Ancient Arts of the Andes," which was presented at the Museum of Modern Art from January 27 to March 21. Occupying the entire third floor, they included gold and silver objects, bronzes, delicate ceramics, sculpture molds in monumental worked stone, feather tapestries, finely woven textiles, embroideries, fabrics hand-painted in mural technique, jewelry, household utensils, vessels, jars, cups, ritual objects, knives, ornaments. Stone and bone, cotton thread and gold thread, turquoise and mere clay—all were represented. The show was assembled by René d'Harnoncourt, director of the museum. A longtime admirer and student of pre-Columbian Andean culture, he has visited Peru and Bolivia many times and met the leading scholars there. So it is not surprising that both the Peruvian National



Feline deities are hammered into gold crown of ancient Chavín de Huántar civilization



Chavín stone mortar in shape of a puma

Museum of Anthropology and Archeology and the noted private collector Rafael Larco Hoyle permitted him to take some of their treasures out of the country for the first time. The cooperation of collectors and museums from Santiago to Montreal made possible this representative sampling of works from Costa Rica, Panama, Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Argentina, and Chile—in other words, from all the subdivisions of the Andean region. The exhibition is also being shown this year at the Minneapolis Institute of Art and the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco.

Andean American prehistory has been an enigma, which the past century, step by step, has been unraveling. America could not begin to learn about its past until it won its independence. Loaded down with the complicated baroque of its temples, struck dumb by a strange language, and bewildered by foreign myths and beliefs, the America of colonial times could not meditate on its past—even tried to bury it. Between Stephens' discovery of the magnificent Copán ruins in 1839 and the unveiling of the last Maya secret in the ruins of Bonampak—whose murals moved Diego Rivera to tears—there have been slow years of investigation and discovery. Much of ancient America had always been within sight of everyone: in Mexico the pyramids of Teotihuacán, in Cuzco the stone walls that served as a foundation for Catholic churches. What was needed was for America to look at itself rather than toward the distant and strange.

The Museum of Modern Art show was divided into five sections, for proper distribution of the treasures.



Chimú king's crown, earrings, necklace, and breastplate, all of hammered gold

The first was devoted to works of the earliest of the advanced South American cultures, those of Chavín de Huántar and Cupisnique. To this group belong *El Lanzón* and the marvelous Cupisnique ceramics, considered the oldest known pottery style. Both in these objects and in some hammered gold jewelry the dominating symbol was the stylized jaguar. This divinity often appeared in association with the condor god, which in Chavín stone sculptures is reminiscent of the winged sun of the Egyptians.

The archaic art and industry of Paracas (400 B.C. to 400 A.D.), whose influence extended to the Pisco, Ica, and Nazca regions, were represented by a collection of textiles, mantles, and ponchos of peerless beauty and technique. Some pottery found in the necropolis of Paracas shows abstract design at work in the making of the objects and in the decorative motifs of geometric drawings. So fine is this pottery that the sides of one vessel are less than an eighth of an inch thick.

Certain finds from the most distant Andean regions—Chile, for example—demonstrate such mastery in the working of bronze that the objects might be compared to those of ancient Greece and Rome. Among the luxury items was a pair of earrings of gold and turquoise mosaic representing a group of warriors adorned in turn with identical earrings. These were from the Mochica culture, which flourished between 400 and 1000 A.D., in the Chicama, Moche, and Viru valleys of the northern Peruvian coast. Also from Mochica were a most curious series of vessels and cups, delicately painted and in

realistic shapes. The emphasis in this style is on faithful reproduction of local plants and animals, clothing, illnesses and the medicines used to cure them, methods of punishment, rituals, and many other aspects of the daily life of an extraordinarily artistic and hardworking people. Portraits of individuals—men, women, and children at various stages of their lives—display the unknown artisan's skill and his love of his neighbor; there is also a satirical vein and sometimes an innocent, frank sensuality that depicts reality without a blush.

It would take a book to describe the treasures displayed in the show. But one of the biggest and most stirring surprises, artistically speaking, was a collection of objects from the northern Andes—Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela, Panama, and Costa Rica. For the general public is largely unaware of the exquisite gold work and inventive ceramics that are the primary characteristics of these cultures. The pottery is almost an objective description of reality and human nature. Naturalism and stylization are united with a certain formalism in the details. There were almost a hundred gold objects: figures of deities, tips of staffs and scepters, pendants combining metal with such precious stones as emerald, quartz, and a kind of ivory. The Colombian gold objects from tombs in Quimbaya and Antioquia include marvelous filigree, delicate and precise engraving, and skillful combination of solid parts with curved sheets. In the technique and quality of their workmanship in gold, the ancient Colombians surpassed all the rest of the Andean region. The abstract conception of the objects is perfectly realized; in more than one, the human figure is reduced to a flat surface and the details of head and features are represented by filigree and little knobs.

But it was the textiles that left me with a feeling of utter perfection. The most beautiful examples came from *Vessel in shape of hunchback from Santarem, on the Amazon, is very plain for product of this culture*

the Paracas necropolis. With their stylized patterns and colored embroidery representing cat-headed demons, birds, curious series of anthropomorphic figures in changing positions, they were reminiscent of Nazca polychrome ceramics. Each of these intricately embroidered mantles and ponchos was undoubtedly the work of many years. The dyeing, spinning, weaving, and embroidery techniques point to the existence of a caste or clan who made a specialty of this and whose members underwent a rigorous apprenticeship. No temples or monuments have been found in this region, only tombs and the marvelous textiles dedicated to the dead. Time has destroyed the men they enfolded, but the cloth has come down to us clean and perfect, proof of the industrious days of a vanished people.

The refinement, harmony, appropriateness, and abstract design of the products of Andean culture are amazing. These people who did not know the wheel, who lacked a written language, who had no calendar, created imaginative and polished artistic techniques and social institutions, as well planned as their megalithic architecture. When the conquerors came to Peru in 1532 and the Inca organization crumbled to dust, what was really buried there was the labors, griefs, and inventions of thousands of centuries and millions of men who had appeared in turn on the craggy Andean slopes, in the desiccated coastal valleys, or in the mild tropics. Excavation in forgotten regions of America brings to light tombs, lost villages, reclining gods, jewels, pottery, and textiles that in their day belonged to creative and diligent men. The dust of the centuries has covered these works; the present-day man who is heir to this culture has forgotten almost everything, even his own cultural identity. To remove this dust and reawaken his skill is the task pressing urgently on contemporary education and cultural policy, if America is to be consistent with its own history and conscious of its destiny.

Wherever the first Americans came from—whether across the Bering Strait from Siberia, as most contemporary anthropologists agree, or from somewhere else—they developed their culture in complete isolation. Near the Chicama Valley in northern Peru there is evidence of primitive agriculture, as practiced between 3000 and 1200 B.C. In the same area, at a site called Huaca Prieta, the first gourd vessels were found. These men had also learned to hunt whales, for the crude houses there had supports made of their bones; among the plants they had domesticated were beans, chili pepper, cotton, and several varieties of squash. Pottery-making seems to have occupied much of their time, though they also wove two fibers of twisted cotton into fabric on a primitive loom. A few centuries more, and the men who lived along the Peruvian coast had created very complicated household utensils; had begun to cultivate corn, manioc, and potatoes; had mastered the art of working clay; had begun to make their marvelous textiles on real looms. Moreover, they had discovered metals such as gold and bronze, and an era of greater abundance and ease permitted the founding of large cities.

The historical development of the Andean region after

(Continued on page 27)



CITY

BENEATH THE SEA

**After two and a half centuries,
treasure-seeking diver
rediscovers Port Royal**

Harry E. Rieseberg

Photographs and article copyright 1954, Lt. Harry E. Rieseberg

For scene in movie City Beneath the Sea, author re-enacts 1936 discovery of sunken city off Kingston, Jamaica

ALL AFTERNOON the schooner had been heaving lazily in the oily swell near the outer rim of the palisades of Kingston harbor, Jamaica. Nervously we scanned the translucent waters for the telltale signs of a sunken galleon, which records show had been scuttled just outside the harbor. Equipped with the latest magnetic balance, we had high hopes of locating the old hulk, but finally had to call it a day.

The next morning we again cruised slowly around the waters, shifting back and forth, with the shoreline of Jamaica in the near distance and a few ships off on the far horizon. By nightfall, there had not been a single flutter from the needle of the magnetic finder.

I knew from my reading that we were traversing waters that were at the very heart of what was once a flourishing New World business—piracy. The many Caribbean islands and atolls, with their secluded bays and lonely sand stretches, made fine hunting grounds for freebooters, who preyed on ungainly treasure-laden galleons and other craft heading toward Europe with precious cargoes of metal and gems.

These sea bandits captured many ships; others they



sank. But a pirate's life was not all beer and skittles. Often the hunters became the hunted, and what first appeared to be a fine haul might turn out to be a disguised man-of-war, heavily armed, and the renegades would have to turn and run, seeking a safe hideout. There were also seasons of bad weather; for long stretches the pickings might be so lean that pirate crews would hunt down each other. But there was always one sure haven for buccaneers: Port Royal.

As our salvage schooner sailed through these waters, I thought a lot about the strange history of Port Royal. All at once, on the eighth day, at about eleven in the morning, the needle of our magnetic balance fluttered its signal. We brought the craft up quickly and let go the anchors.

After an hour or more I was helped into my diving togs; I slid over the rail and went down along the familiar weighted rope. Sandy bottom came at nearly thirty fathoms, in the middle of elaborate coral formations at the base of the outer harbor. I stood there, entranced, for the scene was strikingly beautiful.

Before me the sea bed sloped gradually away, losing itself in distant depths. All around were the shapes and forms and colors of some fantastic fairyland. Bright branching corals writhed through the water, but when I touched them they were hard and solid. As I began to move, the colors changed as on chameleons. I seemed to be walking in the midst of liquid, flowing rainbows. Suddenly I pulled up short, unable to believe my eyes and wondering if the oxygen was making me lightheaded. Rising out of the deep water ahead were fantastic coral shapes unlike anything I had ever seen or read about. Straight-shafted spires and huge pinnacles were visible through the face-piece in my helmet—tall columns supporting overhanging roofs, towers, and windows in walls.

The dim light from the surface waters sifted down through these windows and openings, gleaming dully in the open spaces between the columns. I felt as though I had wandered into some other century or another world. I paused for a while and sat on a projecting shelf of coral to stare incredulously at these wonders.

Moving at last toward the nearest of the weird structures, I saw other forms behind it, some distinct, others irregular—the whole apparently dropped there without plan or reason. As I watched, the harlequin fish darted in and out between the pillars and openings of the structures, weaving snatches of color.

The sea floor continued to slope downward and outward toward the open Caribbean. Even though I knew I had been down as long as was sensible in my ordinary diving dress, I had to explore the biggest of these strange underwater buildings. Pushing forward one weighted boot after the other, I approached it. The formation was perhaps fifty feet long and at least half as high. Eight-foot coral pinnacles crowned the basic bulk. Obviously, this design could not be a natural growth, but encased some original structure. Directly in front of me was a large opening. Guarding my air line from the rough husk of coral, I went inside and found myself in a chamber space with several passages leading from it.



Lieutenant Rieseberg with diving helmets used in exploration under Caribbean waters

Here everything was flooded in blue. Wherever I looked, my eyes met gradations from azure to hues verging almost on black. The whole place had a kind of gloomy enchantment.

I picked my way slowly and carefully, looking into some of the openings that led off the chamber. One held a great spider crab with feelers nearly nine feet long. In the distance I could see a quivering mass of huge octopuses. As I backed away from the scene to the main entrance, I knew at last what I had come upon. This was what was left of the richest and wickedest city of the Spanish Main, the city that slid into the sea.

Port Royal was built on the sandy spit of the palisades that lie beyond the far edge of Kingston harbor. It was a city of several thousand houses, its inhabitants black, brown, yellow, and white. There were British, Dutch, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Germans, North Americans, and many who acknowledged no nationality whatever. To the seventeenth-century world it was known as the "Pirates' Babylon," a fortress of infamy and viciousness unmatched in the Western World. Rum shops, taverns, brothels, and gaming houses catered to every known form of vice and debauchery.

The accumulated loot of all the sea rovers eventually found its way to Port Royal. Crusted bars of silver, golden ingots, glittering jewels from Inca and Aztec tombs, ducats and ducatoons, doubloons, pieces-of-eight, and silver plate—all the tremendous riches seized in swift attacks on land and water were brought to this rendezvous in triumph by highwaymen of the sea to be turned into ready money, while they themselves could rest and carouse in safety. Port Royal became a sanctuary for every outlawed man, woman, ship, and cause of the islands and the Spanish Main. Once a ship was in the harbor, it was safe; that was the only law Port Royal knew. Not even the most ruthless pirate wanted to disrupt its lawless security, for it gave them all a chance to

relax their vigilance and divide the take from their latest marauding.

The big storehouses of Port Royal were crammed with rich merchandise, cargoes plundered from scuttled ships and sacked towns. Its shipyards were always busy; heavily armed vessels lay in the roadstead. It was a port where the people were more familiar with the skull-and-crossbones than with the legitimate flags of seagoing nations. The navies of all the nations trading in those regions did not dare to try their combined strength

selves out in the finest, wearing costly jewels, silks, satins, and finespun linens. They ate from gold plates and drank fiery wines and well-aged liquors from silver chalices or gold goblets looted from temples and tombs. Over their debauches shone light from beautiful candlesticks snatched from some church altar.

The pirate crew lived and played hard. In Port Royal they let go with a roar after the long watches at sea—after the storms, the battles, the hot lead and cold steel, and the always hovering hemp rope. There was every type among them, sullen, stolid, highly cultured; there were fugitives, wastrels, murderers. Their women were just as varied, showing off their fine jewelry, their dazzling clothes, their lithe, arrogant beauty. There were the others, too, the bloated and aged cast-offs, worn out by the raw going, picking up the crumbs tossed off by a new crop of younger beauties.

At night the main street, the Parade, was filled with light and surging crowds. Among big, sputtering lamps, the taverns, gambling dens, and brothels did a land-office business. The largest "joint" was known as "Tom Benn's Great House," erected by a rascally English sailor. Here the more prominent privateers gathered, while half-clad mulatto girls ran about carrying bowls of rum. Bargainers hovered outside, offering to exchange Spanish dollars for clipped gold, silver plate, gems.

After dawn the tempo of the town slowed down. The harsh daylight laid bare the ugliness of the loosely constructed, blind-fronted buildings, the frame hutches, the stone mansions on Queen Street, the split-bamboo shacks,



against Port Royal. The freebooters knew it. Nothing could touch them there.

In the background was Gallows Point, a huge promontory where the lookouts watched continually for the arrival of treasure-packed ships and kept track of the men-of-war hovering in the distance. Many of the arriving craft brought living booty—weeping captive Spanish and Indian girls, buxom mulattoes, English girls, Orientals. There were indentured servants, bought from their owners by the freebooters, to be resold, hopeless, dull-eyed, spiritless.

From the far corners of the Caribbean this stream of humanity poured into Port Royal. Buccaneers swaggered down the filthy streets, their tanned ears stretched out of shape with heavy gold rings, silk stockings with huge runs covering their hairy legs, thick scarred wrists poking out of lace-ruffled sleeves of blue, red, and purple broadcloth. Singing maudlin songs, they filled the town with curses and blasphemies.

On the crudely made gibbets along the narrow streets bodies of hanged slaves and captives dangled; wrapped in chains, they swayed there while huge black buzzards hovered aloft or dropped down for the gruesome pickings. In the town market place, branding irons and torture implements were used on the disobedient, as the pirate crews stood around jeering.

Nothing was too good for the pirates when they hit Port Royal. Captain and common sailorman decked them-



Fish roam watery streets of old Port Royal, undisturbed by intruding diver



Planning motion-picture re-creation of Rieseberg's sea-bottom adventure for Universal Pictures



Artist's conception of destruction of Port Royal cathedral in 1692 earthquake and flood

and the ornate residences on the edge of town. Only the Catholic Cathedral of Santiago de la Vega, one of the richest and finest in the New World at the time, and St. Catherine's Church, where the prodigious Sir Henry Morgan had been buried in state in 1688, seemed able to stand the light of day.

June 7, 1692, seemed to dawn reluctantly over Port Royal as the revelers prolonged their usual wild orgies. Suddenly the sky was robbed of color. Thunder rolled, and white sheets and streaks of lightning raced across the sky. Then came the deluge, thick and heavy. The wind rose and screamed through the streets, ripping, twisting, bending and uprooting trees. Now the sea hunched up and hurled itself on the trembling land. Huge cracks split the walls of buildings. Flocks of panicky seafowl beat their wings wildly above Gallows Point. The recently built sugar mills caught fire, and billowing clouds of yellow smoke swept over the town.

In the space of a few moments Port Royal, the city of corruption, was thrown into chaos. Lamps went out; the sea rose higher and flowed over more than a thousand acres of land. Cries of men and women fought against the screams of the wind as people tumbled out of the grog shops and brothels. Sobered, white-faced, many half-clothed, they tried to make their way among swaying buildings and crashing debris.

Priests summoned the people to the vast plaza in front of the cathedral and prayed for deliverance. Struck by a dazzling bolt of lightning, the huge spire toppled among them, killing hundreds. Then a sickening roar issued from the Quaker colony on the edge of town. Much of the settlement was swept into the ocean. In the harbor ships lay over on their beam ends, then plunged to the bottom. For a few minutes Port Royal hung between oblivion and survival. Then the seas rose higher and the land fell away. With a final convulsive shudder, all Port Royal slipped swiftly into the sea.

Five thousand people perished swiftly and terribly. Fewer than two hundred managed to save themselves. Millions or billions in money, jewels, bullion, had vanished. Nothing was left of the wicked city except a few figures struggling desperately among the countless corpses that floated in the heavy seas. On the high hills that had surrounded the town, huge black buzzards picked at skeletons on the gibbets creaking in the dying wind; safe in that high place, they were mournful symbols of the sunken city.

Today we have the recorded accounts of eye-witnesses of the catastrophe, which happened two and half centuries ago. In addition there are the stories of the aged Jamaica fishermen, who insist that in their youth they saw the tops of sunken roofs in the bay. In 1780, eighty-eight years after Port Royal was sunk, Admiral Sir Charles Hamilton of the Royal Navy reported to the Admiralty in London that submerged houses far below the surface in the green depths of outer Kingston harbor were then still discernible. Again, in 1824, while surveying the outer channel, Lieutenant H. Jeffrey, R. N., also reported to his admiral that he had repeatedly traced sites of houses "which appeared like a miniature Atlantis." In 1859, a diver with an ordinary "suit," engaged to do underwater repairs to ships in Kingston harbor proper, made a series of descents over the adjoining inner waters of the old port. He reported that the roofs of many of the more substantial houses were still above the encroaching sands of the harbor floor, and that many remained intact.

I realized that I, out of all men in my time, had rediscovered this ghost city beneath the sea. I thought of the possibilities of going to greater depths, following the sandy floor where it sloped away, exploring the coral-encrusted structures. I wondered about the vast stores of riches that might lie in what was left of the Pirates' Babylon.

But I had been down too long. Coming out through the opening of the chamber, I gave the signal to be hauled to the surface. Floating upward, I imagined myself down there again, wandering far into the lost city of Port Royal.

Since that day my imagination has been working overtime on ways and means to explore this ghost city of the past more thoroughly. Recently we have perfected a queer new underwater device, a tractor-tank, which answers the requirements of such a huge undertaking. It will be powerful enough to rend the huge coral formations apart and recover the gold and silver caches deposited within.

Already I am making preparations and plans for the day when I shall again return to the watery tomb of one of the most profligate communities the world has ever known. Perhaps even as you read this, I'll be sailing off to the Caribbean. I have a long-delayed rendezvous with the city beneath the sea. ♦ ♦ ♦

Gold bars, doubloons, and pieces-of-eight—part of Rieseberg's finds as professional treasure-hunter



Nogales has a party

Twin cities celebrate Mexican holiday

Photographs by J. M. Hines

EXCEPT FOR a big fence that rambles through the center of town—with gates wide open—it's hard to realize in Nogales that you are in twin cities. For the citizens of Nogales, Arizona, and Nogales, Mexico, intermingle freely, join wholeheartedly in community affairs, and, in general, ignore the boundary marker between.

The twin cities—with a combined population of forty thousand—lie astride a mountain pass that has long funneled people and goods between Mexico and the western United States. Today, with some sixteen million dollars' worth of tomatoes, peppers, melons, and other crops from Sonora and Sinaloa pouring north to the United States and Canada, the Nogales, Arizona, port of entry has become the largest farm-produce-importing point along the Mexican border. In the other direction, the curio shops, bullring, excellent hotels and restaurants in Nogales, Mexico, attract streams of U. S. tourists.

The highlight of the year in the life of this international community is the Cinco de Mayo fiesta, celebrating the defeat of the French army at Puebla, Mexico, on May 5, 1862. Though it commemorates a Mexican national holiday, the celebration has been a joint affair for the past thirteen years.

Things start humming early in April, when each city selects a candidate for queen of the fiesta, to be crowned

on the international boundary line. This is followed by a frenzy of fund-raising schemes—benefit barbecues, auction sales of merchandise contributed by local business houses, and so on—to buy votes for the favored queen candidate, one vote per centavo. The money, of course, finances the fiesta. The contest closes the last week in April with a big ball south of the border.

The coronation takes place at nine in the evening on the Saturday preceding May 5 (this year on May 1). In the past the queen and her court boarded a train a few miles out of town, and the entourage came puffing and tooting up to the base of the platform to take their place on the dais. This year Queen Nancy I and her royal party broke a precedent by arriving on a huge, trans-continental bus.

After the coronation and speech-making, the court and spectators are entertained with song and dance. Then the queen and her party are whisked to the city jail, where she liberates several minor offenders, a traditional Cinco de Mayo ceremony.

For the next four days both Nogaleses are given over to merrymaking, with parades, street dancing, cock-fights, and fireworks. This year a crowd of twenty thousand people was on hand to participate in the activities pictured on these pages. ♦ ♦ ♦

Here comes the parade; motorcycle police clear the way at international gate for Governors Pyle of Arizona and Soto of Sonora





"Romans" join border celebrants in Cinco de Mayo parade; chariots won 500-peso prize as most original entry. Local business firms entering floats receive 250 pesos each to help defray expenses



Zapotec Indians from Jalisco, who arrived by chartered bus, won 400-peso prize as most typical entry, later performed their traditional dances in a special street show



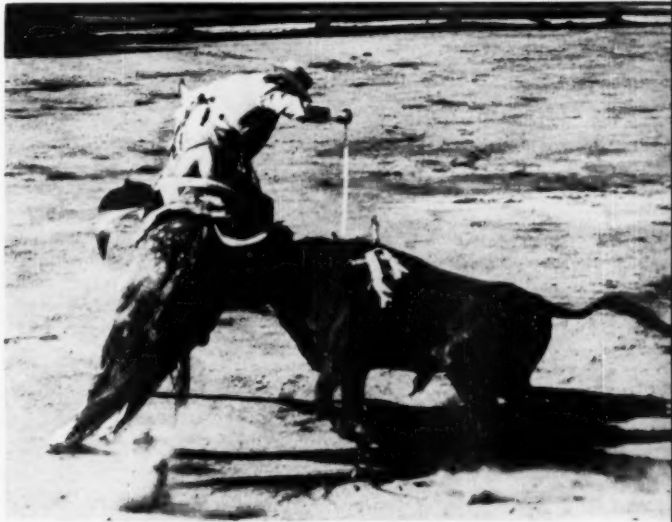
Prize-winning comic entry: the Tucson Vigilantes and hangman's noose. Culprit was condemned in kangaroo court for not observing unwritten law requiring western attire in Rodeo-promotion period



Queen's float (note low-slung wiring, frequently a parade hazard). Mexican and U.S. candidates' votes are tallied at weekly intervals in heated contest before fiesta. Runners-up become princesses



Sunday afternoon bullfight at Plaza de Toros on Sonora side of the border featured Gastón Santos, Joselito Méndez, Rafael Santacruz. At baseball that night Nogales Yaquis played El Paso Texans



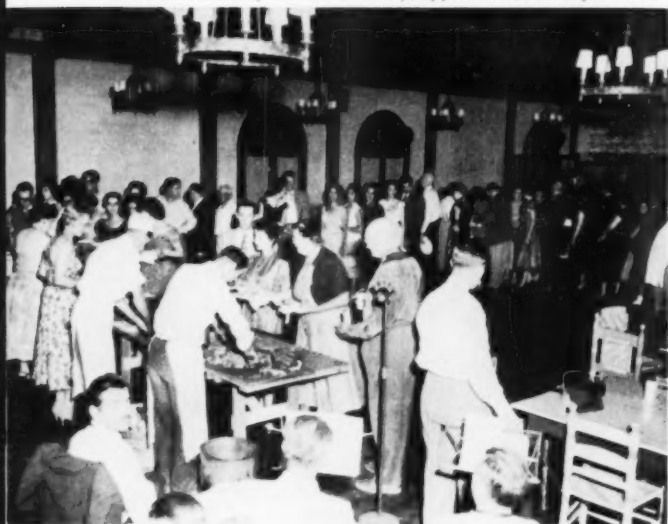
Gastón Santos, a rejoneador or horseback bullfighter, in action. Fighting the bulls from a mount is more traditional among the Portuguese than among the Spaniards



Twenty-one-year-old Queen Nancy Neumann crowns a junior member of her court. Youngsters are selected by Nogales, Sonora, schools on basis of scholastic ability, appearance, and deportment



At governors' reception in Sky Room of Fray Marcos de Niza Hotel, Héctor Monroy presents engraved pen-and-pencil sets to Governor Howard Pyle of Arizona (left) and Governor Ygnacio Soto of Sonora



Every year hundreds of pounds of barbecued beef, beans, and coffee are consumed at the community open house in El Rancho Grande Hotel, high on a hill about a mile north of the border



Just inside the fence on the Mexican side, near the coronation platform, Ramón Marquez and his orchestra were one of the major attractions of the fiesta



Street on west side of Mexican plaza was blocked off to make room for refreshment booths and street dancing. Daily celebrations lasted far into the night



Elaborate fireworks were displayed nightly. Fiesta wound up on Wednesday with a Mexican military parade, chariot races at the airport, and the Cinco de Mayo ball

ANCIENT ARTS OF THE ANDES

(Continued from page 19)

these beginnings may be divided into six main periods, according to the classification of Wendell C. Bennett. The first, between 1200 and 400 B.C., belongs to the Chavín region, and is characterized by the extremely stylized design of a jaguar in its carved stone, pottery, bone, clay reliefs, and gold jewelry. In the second period, between 400 B.C. and 400 A.D., extraordinary technical progress was made. In Cavernas, Salinas, Chancay, Chanapata, and Chimpa, on the Peruvian coast, local cultures arose, which were distinguished for fine pottery with light-colored designs on a dark background. The greatest advances in craftsmanship and the production of art objects took place in the third period, from 400 to 1200—when Europe was going through the Middle Ages. From this era date the magnificent ceramics and textiles of the Paracas necropolis, Nazca, Mochica, Recuay, and Pucará. The fourth period corresponds to the rise and spread of Classical Tiahuanaco culture, which eclipsed the series of local cultures between 1000 and 1300. From 1300 to 1433, these cultures enjoyed a renaissance, and the unifying influence of Tiahuanaco declined. This was the age of great and populous cities, where active trade made possible the existence of a leisure class and a consequent development of luxury. Among these centers of creation and production were Chimú, Chancay, and Ica. As a sort of final flowering before the downfall of American culture, from 1433 till the Conquest in 1532, the Inca Empire stretched its powerful organization from Cuzco to the four points of the compass, and the assorted Andean cultures were once again gathered together.

Within the pyramidal structure of the empire were hierarchies of producers, ranging from the mere *puric* or individual artisan to large, highly organized groups. More than forty plants were domesticated, as were the llama and the alpaca for draft and cargo purposes. The techniques and the experience of the local cultures were absorbed, and the Incas elevated to their peak the arts of ceramics, metallurgy, weaving, and—with the influence of the monumental Tiahuanaco culture as a point of departure—architecture. Sir Clements R. Markham describes several styles of construction: walls of undressed stone blocks; walls of undressed stone blocks with mortar; walls of large adobe bricks; megalithic walls; walls of identical, perfectly polished ashlar blocks of pure Incaic style. These massive structures are undecorated except for jaguar and serpent motifs. The most remarkable thing about this architecture, which lacked the concepts of the arch and the vault, is the exact balance between block and block and the esthetic principle by which they were distributed according to size, the larger at the bottom. When a recent earthquake reduced the proud baroque colonial cathedral of Cuzco almost to a heap of rubble, there stood the stone foundations, erect and immutable, raised centuries earlier by Indian patience and skill. From Cuzco, roads as expertly built as the Appian Way radiated to the provinces. The Incas' succession of fortresses, religious centers, bridges, and highways inspired the philosopher F. S. C. Northrop,



Zigzag walls of Sacsahuamán, huge fortress near Cuzco, the Incas' capital. Andean stone architecture is superb

in *The Meeting of East and West*, to call them "the Romans of America."

Pál Kelemen said admiringly in *Medieval American Art*: "The first Americans had to build up their civilization and art from their own spiritual resources." From the series of cultures whose origin dates back thirty centuries, we may draw a lesson of profound faith in human potentialities and, at the same time, a sad lesson in the destructive power of man when he is guided only by the ambition for power. The present-day Indian, Aymará or Quechua, living in the utmost misery in the solitude of the windswept altiplano, is heir to a cultural patrimony of imposing historical significance. But he does not know of this legacy, just as he does not know where he belongs in the modern world. When he has a few moments for celebration, all he knows is to put on masks with the features of devils, for he has forgotten the old gods; his dances recall something of their rituals, but the *chicha* he drinks or the coca he chews have alienated him from his inborn creative and artistic capacity. When the melancholy music of the *quena* flute fills the rarefied, crystalline air, what is really heard is a requiem for a past vanished in history and for a present lacking in hope. Yet man, the fountainhead of all possible creation, has survived his creations; and once again, as in the past, he will blend the gifts of past and present, of primitivism and maturity, to produce a fresh ideal of beauty and a new capacity for well-being in America.



Wall with windows at Machu Picchu, Inca fortress hidden in mountains till discovered by Hiram Bingham in 1911



Ana Beker is welcomed to Washington by Argentine OAS Ambassador José Carlos Vittone after horseback trip from Buenos Aires

a word with ANA BEKER

SHE SEEMED TIRED. She was just arriving from Buenos Aires on horseback. A second horse carried her baggage, covered by a white canvas painted with the flags of the American republics and the motto: Perón—American Unity. Her first words were: "Say that I followed the Pan American route, but the Highway doesn't exist."

We had gone out with a party headed by the Argentine Ambassador to the OAS, Dr. José Carlos Vittone, and members of the Argentine Embassy staff, to give a fitting welcome to Ana Beker, the valiant and jolly woman who set out from the Plaza de la Constitución in Buenos Aires on October 1, 1950, to surpass the record set by a fellow countryman who had ridden from the River Plate to New York. She intends to go on to Ottawa, Canada.

Ana had always led a quiet life on her father's farm in Algarrobo, where, with her two brothers and three sisters, she helped with the house and field work after her mother died when she was nine. But one day, ten years ago, someone remarked that no woman could do what Salas Molina had just done: go on horseback from Argentina to the United States, crossing mountain ranges, forests, and deserts. Ana vowed she would do it, despite the scoffing and protests of all who heard her, and she has kept her word.

The first leg of her trip took her to La Paz, Bolivia, where such serious mishaps befell her that she could well have given up the project without losing face. One of her horses died of colic. She asked Eva Perón for help, and the President's wife sent her another animal. But as she left La Paz, heading for Peru, a truck ran into her, killing the other horse with which she had started and leaving her so bruised that she had to spend several weeks in the hospital. Once the legal difficulties over the accident were settled and she received some compensation, she resumed the trek with a Bolivian mare given her by the

authorities and the horse sent by Eva Perón. The daily marches were long, from twenty-five to thirty miles between towns, and once as much as forty-seven miles in a particularly lonely stretch of the Peruvian mountains. That time the horses just couldn't go any farther, and when she reached Lima, she had to face the fact that she would have to get rid of them and find others with more resistance.

She explained her predicament to the Minister of War. Informed of her request, General Odría ordered one mount to be given her, and the Director General of the Civil Guard presented her with another. These are the horses that have accompanied her all the rest of the way: Luchador Chiquito (Little Battler) and Furia (Fury). They have been not mere companions, but loyal friends and, when necessary, defenders, the first kicking and the second biting to protect her.

"Not that I have been attacked very often," Ana explained with a grin. "Actually, you meet more good and helpful people than evil ones. The Indians, especially, are respectful and always willing to help. My first disagreeable experience was in Colombia, where I didn't know there was a revolution going on. Some places they cheered me, and in others they threw whatever they had at hand at me, until I was advised to take off the red scarf I wore around my neck, to which each party attributed political significance. Further on, through Panama and Costa Rica, which was perhaps the most difficult stretch, Indian guides led me through the jungle, through mire occasionally so deep that I preferred to dismount to ease the horse's burden and plow through mud up to my knees. Sometimes we advanced along the edges of high precipices, and once I had to swim across a river."

Every time Ana related one of her difficulties, she laughed, making light of it.

"Once," she went on, "when I was about to cross the border of a country, the Indians who had been my guides told me that if I went through the regular way, I would have to pay a fat bribe to the immigration officials. They offered to show me another pass, but warned me that then I would have to make out as best as I could, for in any event the time would come when I would have to speak to the authorities. I entered the country without difficulty, and it was not until fifteen days later that two immigration officers approached me and asked how it was possible that I had gotten there without having my papers in order. 'But I've spent two weeks looking for you and couldn't find you anywhere,' I replied."

"Didn't you ever think of giving up?" I asked.

"No. Every time I found myself in trouble I thought only of getting out of there as quickly as possible—and going ahead. In Guatemala three assailants pursued me for an hour and a half, but I kept threatening to shoot them and they finally left me alone. In Mexico I didn't have such good luck. They snatched my pistol away from me and forced me to give them everything I had in exchange for my life and my horses. That time I lost all the gifts I had received in Mexico City. Silver objects,

(Continued on page 41)

oas

FOTO FLASHES



Among the guests attending the opening of the recent show of paintings by the Cuban artist Agustín Fernández (left) were (from left) Mrs. Enrique Patterson, wife of the Minister Counselor of the Cuban Embassy in Washington; Miss Clara L. Barbeito, also from Cuba; OAS Council Chairman Dr. Héctor David Castro, Ambassador of El Salvador to the United States and OAS; and Dr. José T. Barón, Cuban Interim Representative on the OAS Council. Twenty-six-year-old Mr. Fernández, who has studied in both the United States and Europe and has had exhibitions in Havana and Madrid, is considered one of the most promising of the young Cuban artists.



Guillermo Sevilla Sacasa, Ambassador of Nicaragua to the United States and OAS (left), chats with Senator Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the U.S. Senate, and Mrs. Wiley before the recent dinner at the Mayflower Hotel in honor of the diplomatic representatives of the American republics in Washington. Later both men addressed the guests. The dinner was given by the Inter-American Bar Association Committee of the District of Columbia Bar Association.



When the fifth grade of the Woodburn School in Falls Church, Virginia, paid a visit to the Pan American Union, the pupils had an opportunity to sit where statesmen sit—around the OAS Council table. Like other students who are taken on tours of the Pan American Union upon request, they learned something about the formation of an international organization and how it functions.



At the opening in the Pan American Union of the exhibit of his work in landscape architecture, Brazilian painter Roberto Burle Marx (left, see page 9) paused for a few words with OAS Ambassador Fernando Lobo of Brazil and Mrs. Lobo. In the background are examples of Mr. Burle Marx's tile paneling for gardens (left) and his fabric designs with plants as the motif. Under the sponsorship of the Smithsonian Institution, the exhibit will go on tour throughout the United States.

GARDENS FOR TODAY

(Continued from page 12)

excursions to the Amazon region. After adapting these to life in civilized surroundings, he introduces them in his garden projects. Two botanist friends, Henrique Lamayer de Mello Barreto and Luiz Emygdio de Mello Filho, advise him on the scientific aspects of this work. With their help he has produced hybrids with special characteristics and has raised fifty-eight species of heliconia.

While we wandered through nurseries shaded by roofs of rushes, Burle Marx tended his plants with the vigilance of a father for his sons. He fondled their leaves, contemplated them, moved some plants to a better location, all the while explaining his ideas: "I have managed to banish species from other climates from my gardens. They require so much care and always look false in our environment. Brazil's flora has not yet been fully exploited and when I use some foreign plant that has no Brazilian equivalent, I insist that it be from a climate like that of the place where it is to be planted. This gives the garden permanence of design and, in the long run, requires less attention. In this way you integrate the flora with the landscape, and the building with its own surroundings."

On the farm, Burle Marx broadens his knowledge of ecology, trying to find the best conditions for each plant. This makes his specimens show pieces. The lively red of acahypha gleams in full sunlight, showing up even more

Modern planting on estate in Itaipava, near Petrópolis



Burle Marx (second from left), with assistants and apprentices in his studio. He now teaches at the University of Brazil in Rio

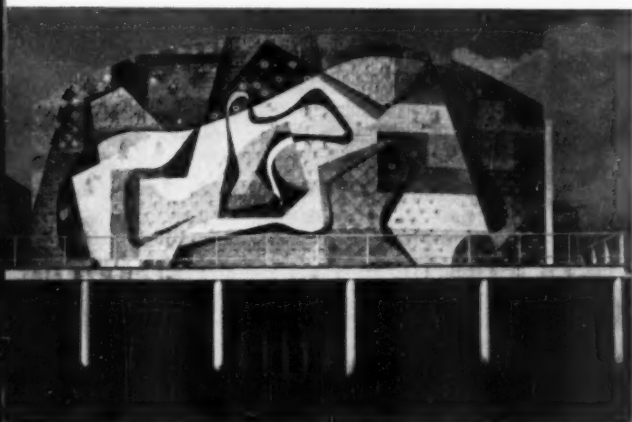
brilliantly when contrasted with the intense green of philodendron. In the covered nurseries, thriving on the shade and high humidity, there are marvelous calatheas, steel green and violet, that look as if they had been painted by Braque. Near the house are the strelitzias, like giant, multicolored birds. Hidden around a bend and covered with rushes is the pool for the aquatic varieties. Next to a curious species of papyrus float the incredibly large leaves of the *Victoria regia* water lily, flat and solid—Brazil's great contribution to world fountains.

The gardens that Burle Marx designs do not cover or interrupt the buildings to which they belong. When he employs palm trees, their high trunks take on architectural characteristics—they become columns. His personal touch shows up again in the intelligent and



highly creative use of the plants' diverse qualities, of colored paving stones, and of pools. "In my gardens I use water as liquid sculpture," he says. He described one design as showing "how the same plant, the same color and shape, can sing on a varying scale against different colors and shapes." From above, his gardens look like undulating surf, sometimes broken up into geometrical segments, asymmetrically balanced. His flower beds, seen from the air or in plan, might be compared with the free forms of a Miró painting or an Arp sculpture.

After I left Brazil, I learned that at the São Paulo Second Biennial a jury composed of such outstanding



Tile wall, designed by Burle Marx for Oswaldo Cruz Institute of tropical medicine, featured microorganism forms in details

architects as José Luis Sert, Alvar Aalto, and Walter Gropius had unanimously awarded Burle Marx the prize for landscape architecture. Gropius, who became very much interested in Burle Marx's work, visited the artist in his studio and was delighted with what he saw.

Early this spring Burle Marx achieved his ambition to visit the United States, when the Smithsonian Institution invited him to help prepare his exhibition and the Brazilian Government sponsored the trip. He arrived in time for the inauguration of the show at the Pan American Union, and this gave us another opportunity to exchange ideas about his projects. He traveled through various parts of the United States and gave lectures at a number of universities and other cultural centers. North Carolina State College in Raleigh invited him to give a brief course in his specialty; José Luis Sert, dean of the Harvard School of Design, asked him to talk to his students; he was also invited to participate in the Conference of Design held in Aspen, Colorado, at the end of June.

In Brazil, Burle Marx designed the garden to go with the plan Oscar Niemeyer drew for the Tremayne house in Santa Barbara, California, completely integrating the outside arrangement with the architectural design. Someday, he declared in one of his lectures, he would like to work directly with the vegetation of this part of the Hemisphere "... and have my dream come true—of seeing a Calder 'tree' in contrasting movement with a tree that I have planted." ♦ ♦ ♦

EQUAL AND NOT SEPARATE

(Continued from page 5)

sion Against Discrimination worked in the spirit of the FEPC, "which states that in the case of formal complaints in employment, every effort must be made to settle such complaints at the level of conciliation, conference, and persuasion."

As a result of these efforts and the firmness of the authorities, Mr. Bustard was able to report that by 1951 "forty of the forty-three school districts involved were completely integrated. . . . The remaining three districts all have taken some steps toward integration, but in all three of those districts, building programs are under way that, when finished, will make integration complete."

Equally important perhaps is the fact that after integration the number of colored teachers in New Jersey public schools increased from 479 in 1945-46 to 645 in 1952. A number of white parents who transferred their children to private schools later re-entered them in the integrated public school system.

Mr. Bustard's conclusion is also noteworthy:

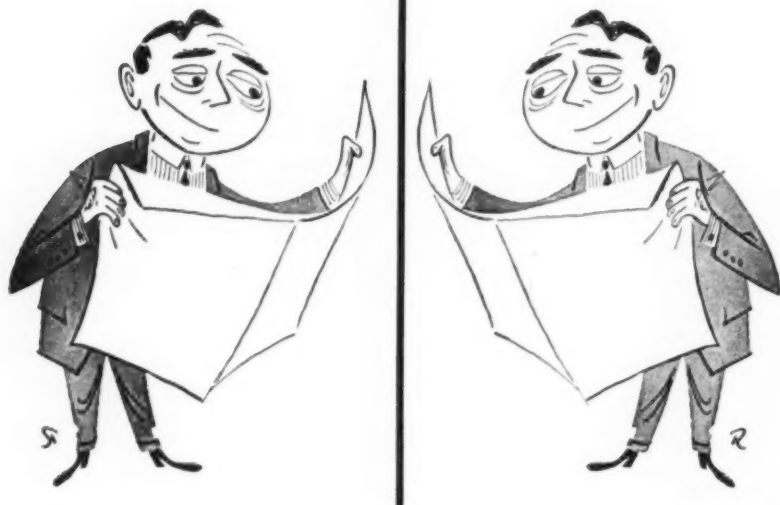
While New Jersey cannot furnish any one formula, it can testify that complete integration in the public schools can and will work. It may even be safe to say once more, that the way to learn to do a thing is to do it, and in this respect, New Jersey has proven again that the best way to integrate is to do it.

Without waiting for the fall hearings anticipated in the Supreme Court ruling, certain communities have already begun to plan for integrated public schools. In Washington, D. C., where parochial schools have been integrated for about five years "unblemished by any untoward incident," as *The Catholic Standard* put it, the Superintendent of Public Schools has presented a detailed program for the change-over that he expects to inaugurate in September. The Board of Education has invoked divine guidance and asked public support for a five-point policy which, if followed, can make integration in District schools a model for the rest of the Southland, thereby fulfilling a hope recently expressed by President Eisenhower. The five guiding principles are:

1. All appointments, changed assignments, promotions, and annual ratings of educational and other employees will be based on merit and not on race or color.
2. Pupils will not be favored or discriminated against because of race or color.
3. School boundaries, when reorganized, will be honored with few exceptions, but no exceptions will be made for reasons of race.
4. After June 17, records of pupils and school personnel will be kept without reference to race.
5. The physical school plant will be utilized fully without reference to race.

Thus the machinery has been set in motion to effect by peaceful, legal methods a social transformation of staggering proportions. So the United States moves closer to the "American Dream," despite the risks involved and the tense world situation. What could be more eloquent proof of the nation's moral strength than this decision rendered at this critical moment in history by nine men dedicated to "Equal Justice under Law"? ♦ ♦ ♦

points of view



BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE . . .

FOR MOST PEOPLE, Greenwich Village is the American Montmartre, the downtown Montparnasse of artists, writers, poets, and other odd and assorted characters, who lend glamour and a certain excitement to an otherwise shabby section of New York City. For the Brazilian journalist Fernando Sabino, who lived there in the late 1940's, it was simply a dwelling on Hudson Street, but what a dwelling! He describes it in the weekly *Manchete*:

"I favored Hudson Street, because Burgess Meredith and Paul Muni had lived around there in the days when they were broke and unknown. But now I realize this recommendation was insufficient, and a better argument might be its proximity to the waterfront.

"The waterfront always has an element of suggestion and poetry; it brings to mind ships, distant ports, salty smells. Drunken sailors staggering through dark alleys. Cargoes of food piled up in warehouses and destined to assuage the hunger of millions. Aggressive cranes silhouetted against the sky, bare-chested stevedores longing for the voyages they will never make. Sad whistles like the mooing of cows in the country; quiet and nostalgic departures of ships. And per-

meating all this, the vastness of the sea.

"But the sea has been overexploited as poetry, and the proximity of the waterfront to Hudson Street only aroused in me an antipathy to the dirt, the foul smells, and the enervating sound of whistles.

"In the absence of other recommendations, therefore, I prefer to talk about my house with the enthusiasm of a former occupant and the independence of someone who does not run the risk of going back.

"The ad appeared in Greenwich Village, which, like any pseudo-bohemian district, has its own small newspaper. In referring to a *house*, I mean to give the impression that it was possible to live there; actually, the place belied this. The ad, somewhat euphemistically, called it an *apartment*; I soon found out it was neither one nor the other but rather a third category of dwelling, a mixture of both, transcending the concept of slum and reminiscent of a *pensão* in the Catete [a district of Rio]. It had the strange power of making guests happy, perhaps because they knew they wouldn't stay. This happened to everyone who visited me.

"But the two girls who lived there, my landladies, were not sad. Miss Russell was pale, but she talked a lot and

certainly knew how to exalt the kitchen I did not see until I moved in. Miss Leoni, pink-cheeked and healthy, echoed her. The former was a graduate of Hunter College, an unconditional admirer of Roosevelt. She had a few books—an anthology of poetry and whodunits, all mixed up with manuals on psychology, scrapbooks, a music dictionary, and even a *Hamlet*, which, unfortunately, I brought back with my own books by mistake. But her greatest virtue, so far as I was concerned, was that she had heard of Villa-Lobos.

"The other girl seemed more interesting—her language was unintelligible and only later did I discover (to my great relief, since I spoke pidgin English) that she had a slight stutter. But she was the captain of the ship; she stated the terms, listed the requirements, wrote out the lease. Both were a bit afraid of the real landlord, who lived on the third floor. This was a three months sub-lease, and they would be kicked out if the man discovered it.

"I assured them nobody would discover anything whatsoever, paid in advance, and moved in.

"Only then, with time and much amazement, did I realize what I had got myself into: the bath had no shower, the bedroom had no bed, and, to be frank, the place had no bedroom. True, the living-room sofa turned into a bed, but this metamorphosis, which was usually performed when I was practically falling asleep, required so many gymnastics that I preferred to sleep on the floor. The mattress lay across the front door, with the result that the kitchen became the main entrance.

"The kitchen was luxurious compared to the rest of the place. Suffice it to say there was a stove. I'm not exaggerating when I also mention a refrigerator, which did not work but looked impressive. And new linoleum covered the floor, hiding heaven knows how many holes.

"Elsewhere, the floor was painted black, a favorite color in the building. When the downstairs neighbors turned on their light at night, luminous streaks showed through the cracks in the floor. With some effort, one could see what the neighbors were doing,

but I must confess I never took up the sport. The downstairs neighbors were a very stout lady, who could hardly squeeze through the door, and half a dozen Dead End Kids. When I went down the stairs past her door, she looked at me with hostility, a result of her many complaints against my typing late at night, which I ignored. She used to go to the window all the time and scream: 'Jiiiiiiimy booooooy!'

"Jimmy-boy," a freckled nine-year-old, would put down his baseball bat, after slamming the ball over the houses or under the cars, and listen.

"Jimmy-boy! Where did you put my soap?" his mother would yell again. And he would answer that he didn't know. The truth was that his face, the nondescript color of dust and sweat, was unequivocal proof that he had not used the soap.

"If the bath was sometimes obliging enough to have water, a more tragic situation was that of the toilet, which was outside by the stairs and only by a miracle had room for one person within its four walls. It was smaller than the ones on the Brazil Central Railroad cars and had a sign on the door reading 'John and Joan.'

"Brushing aside this prosaic subject, we had better talk about the stairs. Augusto Frederico Schmidt [the poet] heroically climbed them one day, arriving breathless at the top to give me the pleasure of a visit and bring me some fruit, which he ate himself. The stairs were in complete darkness even during the day, and the very first step creaked like an old ship; the whole building took cognizance of every move. Sometimes I ran into the old man from the third floor, the girls' landlord. I looked at him feeling that I was deceiving him. But he seemed like a scared mouse, taking short little steps on the staircase, clinging to the wall. The day the lights steadfastly refused to go on, I had to call him and he repaired them himself. I found out then that he was also a tenant and only managed the building for the real owner. We thus became brothers in the same humble and somber feeling of being identified with Dostoevski characters.

"I would like to talk about many other things, but I want to wind up this itinerary in the style of Xavier de

Maistre, so, lastly, I will talk about my departure. It was a lively departure with suitcases and books precariously lowered on a rope from the rusty fire escape, where on Sundays, in addition to cats, tenants in their underwear basked in the sun. (The one on the first floor was partial to blue undershorts.) The inside stairway was too long for so much baggage. Passersby congregated and began to lay wagers on whether or not the radio would fall from its dangling position at the end of the rope. Two policemen also stopped and scratched their heads, at a loss for some statute that might forbid tenants to improvise elevators from the fire escape. When a dangling painting by the Brazilian artist Noêmia began to attract the attention of people at the windows, the onlookers finally disbanded in disappointment: 'Oh, well, they're artists!' they exclaimed.

"And I, an artist full of glory, shortly left the house on Hudson Street, never to return."

OPERA IN SPANISH?

"JUNIUS," writing a Sunday column in the Mexico City daily *Excelsior*, contributes his views on the perennially debated question "Should opera be sung in translation?"

"Maestro Salvador Ochoa," he points out, "reporting the impressions he gathered in a recent trip to the Old

Continent, expressed the opinion that operas should be translated into Spanish. 'In Europe,' he said, 'opera is popular because the audience understands what is being said; in each country, the work is sung in the local language. All traditionalists consider this technique a mistake; but let us remember that only specialists in the matter—and the two or three hundred people who understand the language the opera was originally written in—will be aware that the accent of the word does not match that of the music. . . . The only way to swell opera audiences is by helping them to know and understand the works. No one likes to go and be bored by a spectacle he cannot understand. . . .'

"In Vienna *Aida* is heard in German, while in Paris *Die Meistersinger* is given in a French version. It may seem queer for Carmen to sing in Swedish in Stockholm or for the Czechs to insist that *Lohengrin* be performed in their tongue in Prague; but if you travel through those parts, you will have to put up with all that. Even so completely French a work—and therefore extremely difficult to translate—as *Pelléas et Mélisande* had to take the stage in Italian when Toscanini directed it in Venice.

"In addition to the difficulty Maestro Ochoa mentioned, of the discrepancy between the accents of the words and the music, we must bear in mind that the translations are generally ghastly. Of course, there are a few honorable exceptions that we owe to men who not only know both the original language and the one into which they are admirably translating, but also are consummate musicians.

"The matter is more difficult and complicated than it seems. For one thing, in our environment, since we still have no operatic tradition of our own, we are accustomed to listening to operas in their original languages or translated into Italian, which, with its abundance of vowel endings, is best suited to clear projection of the notes. Our chorus singers, for example, already know their parts in Italian. However badly they may pronounce it, it will always come off better than if they tried French, for example, not to mention German.

"Moreover, almost all the opera-goers know the arias in the original,

Super-Chamba



"Listen . . . (hic) . . . I'm a supersecretary in a 'supersecretariat'."—*Excelsior*, Mexico City

and they would find it strange to hear 'Mimi es una coqueta que vacila con todos' instead of 'Mimi è una civetta che frascheia con tutti,' or something of the sort.

"The success obtained with certain works, such as Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi* and Humperdinck's *Hänsel und Gretel*, may be cited in support of translation into Spanish. In particular, I believe that if the audience is to make some sense out of an *opera buffa*, it should be performed in our language.

"The trouble is that visiting artists could not adapt to this mode of procedure, at least unless they were patient enough to learn their roles all over again. Assuming, of course, they knew Spanish. So you see that it is by no means easy to solve the question absolutely, one way or the other.

"We must admit that generally the texts sung are not understood anyway, whether they are sung in Spanish or Russian. There are very few artists capable of making us perceive each and every word, for most of them attach more importance to displaying their voices than to anything else.

"And finally, let us agree that certain opera librettos are unbearably vulgar."

WHAT'S IN A LAUGH?

"ALTHAUS", in a column in *El Pais*, daily newspaper of Montevideo, Uruguay, seems rather awed by the serious implications of laughter:

"While philosophy has always interested me, I have never been the least bit curious about the philosophy of laughter. Long years ago in my student days, not even Henri Bergson's very fine essay 'Laughter' aroused any inquisitive urge.

"I think the reason I did not question the why and wherefore of laughter . . . was that I was afraid I would be without it, once I had solved its mystery. To me, Buster Keaton, who did not know how to laugh, was nightmarish.

"Nevertheless, like everyone else, I had confirmed certain facts through experience: That there were few annoyances equal to forced laughter. That some laughs flowed easily, while others erupted in fits and starts. That some were contagious, and others froze even a smile. That some laughter came forth like a long, unending thread

from the raveling edge of cloth, while some seemed like a solid, massive projectile. That there were laughs causing sadness, and others that made everything right. That some laughter was like thunder seemingly caused by inner lightning, and some as gentle as falling dew. That laughter and happiness are, at the very most, cousins, not sisters. . . . These things are axiomatic.

"But let me tell you about a particular man, seated alone in a somber, crowded theater. He was watching the same screen we were, but, while most of us were nodding sleepily and fighting utter boredom, every so often he would burst into deep, unending laughter. It seemed as if they were



"Darling, tell me what you want most in the world." "Your checkbook."—Bohemia, Havana

showing a separate film especially for him.

"The first time I noticed him, I looked quickly back at the screen, thinking that I must have missed something amusing, which no one else in the audience had caught either. But no. I kept right on yawning.

"Again he laughed. This time I looked at his ribs, then behind and under the seat, because by now I was sure that the secret was not in the picture.

"The man went on laughing, and each time he did I felt that I was being robbed of my scant reserve of laughter, which was being swept away by wave after wave of annoyance.

"Terrified, I awaited each new outburst. A few minutes after the echo of the latest guffaw had died down, I

would ask myself whether there would be another. I would have left the theater had it not been for a sort of masochism that held me transfixed.

"At the end of the film, when the lights went on, my torture was ended but my curiosity unabated. I had to find out the reason for the laughter. Annoyance conquered good manners, and I asked: 'Excuse me, sir, but did you think that movie was funny?'

"The man paused and answered: 'No, why?'

"With that he turned and walked off. I could have screamed, but something from my childhood training must have stopped me.

"For several hours I felt as if my ability to laugh had gone off with that man, but eventually everything got back to normal. Considerably less perturbed, I realized—not from Bergson's essay, but from that harrowing experience in the theater—that laughter is really a very serious business."

DOES LIFE BEGIN AT FORTY?

JORGE BEJARANO is an eminent Colombian educator and surgeon, who in the past few decades has served his country in numerous official capacities, has been on the faculty of the National University in Bogotá since 1921, and is widely traveled. Writing in *Diana*, magazine of the Commissariat of the Colombian Army, he speaks of the problems created by our longer life span:

"It is widely known that medical science, with its extraordinary advances since the nineteenth century, has succeeded in prolonging human life more than we once would have thought possible. The average life span in the time of Voltaire was thirty-two years, but today in some European countries and in the United States it exceeds sixty-five. This advance is due in large part to the many new therapeutic discoveries, to the broader knowledge of illnesses and of hygienic controls, to better food supplies and eating habits, and to higher standards of living in general. . . .

"However, paradoxically, present-day society is granting the man over forty fewer opportunities to earn a living. Social legislation that pretends to help him places him in the worst possible situation. Industry . . . seeks all pos-

sible means to escape the obligation of these laws. It does not want to run the risk of using its juicy profits in retirement and pension funds or in loans to cover medical expenses for illnesses, which are incurred more frequently after the age of forty. For many, the well-known health certificate produces no less tragic results. I know of many applicants for jobs that would require little or no physical activity who have been turned down because of some very minor muscular defect. . . .

"Why speak of the hesitancy with which a man older than forty is considered for employment and of the impossibility of his earning a living? He can appear to be in the best of health and can pass a physical examination, but nothing can improve the pitiful situation in which he has been placed by social legislation that has ignored the most humane aspects of protection of the working man.

"Then we must face the inescapable fact that every year there are more and more people in good health who reach the age of forty-five, and the inevitable result is a disturbing rise in unemployment. In addition to all this, the opinion is becoming increasingly popular that . . . any person of that age is, or should be, less capable than anyone else younger than he.

"Just the opposite is true in Europe and in the United States, where experts—university presidents, professors, police officials—are rarely men under forty. But in Colombia maturity of judgment, long years of experience, full knowledge of a science, a business, an art, or a liberal profession are discounted . . . and the Colombian youth begins his public career as a government minister, an ambassador, a university president or dean, the head of a publishing house, or a police official. Much could be said about this latter position when we compare our beardless and sometimes irresponsible policemen with the mature, self-assured men that make up the law-enforcement bodies of England, Canada, France, or the United States. In our country it will be a long time before we see that type of defender of society, protector of women, children, the helpless, and the aged, a true educator of the public. . . .

"Can we solve the problem of age



"Madam, when are you going to start following your own beauty advice?"—O Cruzeiro, Rio de Janeiro

and employment created by social laws that did not take the future consequences into account? In my opinion, it is quite simple. It is up to the government. A revision of all of those measures is not only possible, but urgent. We need a humane criterion, a point of agreement between the government—beginning in its own organization—and industry on the wide field of employment in which the citizen over forty is fully qualified. Otherwise, as time runs on, the problem will not be simply a matter of employment and age, but will achieve the proportions of a full-scale struggle for life."

PATIENCE OR PUSHING?

AN EDITORIAL appearing in *El Comercio*, daily newspaper of Quito, Ecuador, broaches a subject that is familiar to all and a bother to some—waiting in lines. The two approaches to the situation—sheeplike docility or aggressive elbowing—do not know national boundaries, although the writer takes a dim view of his local situation:

"The casual observer does not see the many facets that make our throngs something typically expressive of . . . our collective mentality. In accordance with international terminology, they are called *lines*, but incorrectly so.

"War, with its many consequences—rationing, coupons for scarce items, lack of transportation and other services—caused the formation of lines, or queues, in the European countries. Those peoples, so steeped in social and educational tradition, immediately made the lines an institution, whose standards and customs are always re-

spected. Their line is a voluntary grouping, silent and patient, respectful of others' places. . . . Police stand near these lines, but only to show interest in the rights and duties of the citizens. . . .

"Nothing like that happens with us, as the latest disturbances at the entrance to a big movie attraction [Cinemascope] prove. Our citizen completely ignores all others. He thinks he is the only one who is curious and the only one who pays to get in. His methods are senseless stampeding and disrespectful, uncomfortable shoving and pushing.

"In reality our people do not form a line. They become a noisy, tumultuous crowd, with no sign of discipline. . . . Therefore, police intervention has to be sudden, hurried, and necessarily gruff, since it is a matter of scattering disorganized groups. Education will not help this situation until each man, sincerely and of his own volition, recognizes his relationship to other men."



"This is Caracas," drawn by a small resident, from Tricolor, lively children's magazine published by Venezuelan Ministry of Education

PEACE AT ANY PRICE

IN EXCERPTS from a diary of José A. Villegas Mendoza, appearing in *ECA*—*Estudios Centro Americanos*—a monthly magazine published in El Salvador by the Jesuits, we came across the following comment on the armed strength of the United States:

"On the Fifth Avenue bus, going along Riverside Drive on the banks of the Hudson River, two Spanish American ladies were seated in front of me. One—apparently a recent arrival—asked her companion: 'What are those aircraft carriers doing in the river?' The friend replied with authority and certainty: 'They have them there in case of revolution in New York.'"



books

THEATER U.S.A.*

Santiago del Campo

CRITICS AND PUBLIC coincide in pronouncing the 1953-54 U. S. theater season the most brilliant in recent years. While this judgment refers exclusively to the New York theater, it is a fact that just as the West End in London represents the English theater and Paris the French theater, the capricious boundaries of what has come to be known as Broadway enclose the "shadow and substance" of the theater in the United States. It is Broadway plays that are generally staged by the 141,940 professional, student, club, parish, community, and military theater groups in the country. And there has never been an instance in which an "off-Broadway" author of genuine merit has failed to capture the undisciplined but vital marquee of the Great White Way.

Last April 12, the Drama Critics Circle gathered in the old dining room of the Hotel Algonquin in New York to vote on the best works of the season. The eighteen members present and the six absent chose the following titles, listed in order of merit: *The Teahouse of the August Moon*, by John Patrick; *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*, by Herman Wouk; *Tea and Sympathy*, by Robert Anderson; *The Girl on the Via Flaminia*, by Alfred Hayes; and *Ladies of the Corridor*, by Dorothy Parker and Arnaud D'Usseau. Among foreign works, the votes of the majority went to *Ondine*, by Jean Giraudoux, and *The Confidential Clerk*, by T. S. Eliot (who, though born in St. Louis, is considered an Englishman).

*The following current plays cited by the author have been published in book form: *The Confidential Clerk*, by T. S. Eliot (Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1954); *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*, by Herman Wouk (Doubleday and Company, 1954); *Camino Real*, by Tennessee Williams (New Directions, 1953); *The Grass Harp*, by Truman Capote (Random House, 1953); *The Crucible*, by Arthur Miller, and *The Seven Year Itch* (both in *Theatre '53* edited by John Chapman, Random House, 1953). *The Plays of Eugene O'Neill* have been published by Random House in three volumes. In several instances of adaptations from novels, the play version has not been published but the novel is still in print: *End as a Man*, by Calder Willingham (Vanguard Press); *The Teahouse of the August Moon*, by Vern Sneider (G. P. Putnam's Sons); *The Girl on the Via Flaminia* (Pocket Books); *The Immoralist*, by André Gide (Alfred A. Knopf).

I have had an opportunity to attend most of the openings of the season, and I should like to make my own personal selection. I should cast my votes as follows, also in order of merit: *Tea and Sympathy*; *In the Summerhouse*, by Jane Bowles; *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*; and *The Teahouse of the August Moon*. What is most striking about these plays is that each author has chosen his own path to tread, with no reference to European movements and with much more attention to strictly theatrical values than to literary brilliance. As compared with the French theater, for example, in which the most important postwar expressions have been the existentialism of Sartre, Camus, and Anouilh and the "metaphysical vaudeville" of a Salacrou or a Roussin, U. S. dramatists today show no predilection for special schools or dramatic "isms." They express themselves in an eclectic manner that makes use of the best elements of the various trends to reflect the particular characteristics of social, mental, and emotional life in their country. Not even the English drama, which is staged almost simultaneously in London and in New York, has succeeded in winning America to the principles of its poetic theater—represented by Eliot and Christopher Fry—and the attractive perspectives of Priestley's "solidary theater."

This rejection of fixed esthetic principles has been, moreover, a permanent characteristic of the modern U. S. theater; it dates back to the early days of O'Neill, Maxwell Anderson, Elmer Rice, and Sidney Howard, was continued later by Robert E. Sherwood, Marc Connelly, William Saroyan, and Clifford Odets, and is respected by the three leading contemporary playwrights: Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller, and William Inge. A rapid analysis of the best works of this year suffices to indicate how widely they vary in esthetic direction, yet how one element is common to all: theatrical vigor. Instead of subtlety, force; instead of literature, action; instead of dramatic poetry, theatrical poetry.

Tea and Sympathy, for example, is a masterpiece of semitones, of muted poetry, of intangible inner processes,

in which the drama of an adolescent in a hostile environment unfolds through direct, clean language and flawless construction. In *the Summerhouse*, a failure at the box-office though highly esteemed by many critics, inherited the Chekhov tradition, in a sense, with its incidents unconnected by an external plot and based on a clash between the surrounding atmosphere and the inner lives of the characters; its parade of morbid psychologies and its use of outspoken dialogue with touches of poetry may also point to the influence of Tennessee Williams. *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial* is harsh, almost photographic; its extraordinary force lies in the strength of the characters as revealed by the tense debate between justice and authority. *The Teahouse of the August Moon*, dealing with the U. S. occupation of Okinawa, presents the most subtle of satires, in a rich theatrical technique that combines Western comedy with the magic and unreality of the famous Japanese Noh theater.

Another aspect worth mentioning is that, also contrary to the European theater, the newer U. S. playwrights do not seek out such experimental resources as excited the impressionable audiences of twenty or thirty years ago. The daring innovations of O'Neill in *The Great God Brown* and *The Emperor Jones*, of Rice in *The Adding Machine*, or of Kaufman and Connelly in *Beggar on Horseback* have come nowadays to be—incredible and even sacrilegious though it may seem—the property of musical comedy rather than pure theater. A curious bit of evidence, in this respect, is the failures of Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller with their *Camino Real* and *The Crucible*, respectively. Both were written after their authors' return from trips to Europe; they plainly show the influence of surrealism in Williams and of existentialism in Miller; both are unquestionably valuable as literature but much weaker in dramatic content and in American "life" than their predecessors.

A third consideration weights the scales of the recent season: the sense of faith in man that is part of each work. While in the years after World War I the U. S. theater reflected domestic tensions, the problems of the depression, and conflicts of political ideology, World War II has produced a theater rooted in humanity. In all the works I have discussed, there is no social protest or theoretical argumentation providing a "solution" to problems, but each individual's search for truth. A typical case is Louis Peterson's *Take a Giant Step*, which, for the first time on the stage, poses the problem of a Negro youth without resorting to the cliché of race hatred, simply as a problem of growth and readaptation common to all adolescence.

A final aspect, no less interesting than the others, is the curious fact that the best works of the year were not written especially for the theater but were adaptations of novels: *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial* is a slice from Wouk's novel; *The Teahouse of the August Moon* was drawn from the novel by Vern Sneider; *End as a Man* was adapted by Calder Willingham from his own novel about life in a southern military academy; *The Girl on the Via Flaminia* was Alfred Hayes' version of his novel on the U. S. occupation of Italy; and *The Im-*

moralist was adapted by Ruth and Augustus Goetz from André Gide's novel with unusual judgment and talent.

The triumphant vitality of the dramatic year was shadowed by the death on November 27, 1953, of the greatest U. S. dramatist, the first to develop an American theater and one of the few writers of the century who merit comparison with the poets of the Greek and Elizabethan theaters: Eugene O'Neill. John Mason Brown wrote of him: "As a dramatist the position he occupied was unique, and so was his contribution. He stood alone—magnificently alone—having neither rivals nor equals. This is why his dying is like having a towering volcanic island slip overnight into the swallowing sea."

Aside from the above-mentioned works, there have been many "in-between" plays, as the critic Brooks Atkinson calls them. These are the works that, without being exceptional, have specific qualities worthy of mention. Within this definition, the fluidity of style and masterly

Scenes from three current Broadway plays: (top to bottom) The Teahouse of the August Moon, The Caine Mutiny Court Martial, The Seven Year Itch



construction of certain plays cannot be denied. For example, *The Solid Gold Cadillac*, by Kaufman and Teichman, a light but stinging satire on the business world, spinning the story of a sixty-year-old Red Riding Hood who succeeds in dominating Wall Street; Samuel Taylor's *Sabrina Fair*, another innocent, but in this instance with all the physical attributes of Margaret Sullivan; *The Seven Year Itch*, by George Axelrod, the real and imagined adventures of a husband whose wife is spending the summer out of town; *Oh, Men! Oh, Women!*, by Edward Chodorov, the story of a psychiatrist's jealousy aroused by the confessions of a patient involved with the doctor's fiancée; Liam O'Brien's *The*

Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker, the tale of a Victorian-age bigamist.

Then there were plays of greater pretensions that did not hang together. *The Trip to Bountiful* was nothing but a vehicle for the dramatic talents of Lillian Gish; *Ladies of the Corridor* did not do justice to an excellent theme, the old women who live alone in New York hotels; *The Winner*, by Elmer Rice, mixed love, death, and jurisprudence but lacked the vibrant dramatic qualities of his *Street Scene*; Norman Krasna's *Kind Sir* was no more than an excuse for an exchange of honeyed glances between Charles Boyer and Mary Martin; *The Prescott Proposals*, written by Howard Lindsay especially for the extraordinary talents of Katherine Cornell, had a conventional, meandering plot, laid at the United Nations; in *Madam, Will You Walk?* Sidney Howard, fourteen years after his death, surprised the critics by showing that he could write symbolic drama and not only the plainer stuff of *They Knew What They Wanted* and *The Silver Cord*; *American Gothic*, by Victor Wolfson, had an atmosphere of violence and clashing passions, similar to the world of Faulkner but without the gifted novelist's expressive vigor or psychological depth; Truman Capote, in *The Grass Harp*, showed the influence of Tennessee Williams along with poetic ability of his own, but without achieving dramatic balance and development.

So much for the U. S. theater in 1953-54. Although its authors have not succeeded in creating new styles or in experimenting with new techniques; although the works have not resulted in the founding of fixed schools of drama, as in Europe; although its thought does not bring to light any transcendental philosophy—despite all this, its richness and excellence are firmly based, on sincerity of presentation, virility of form, and genuinely American expression of themes and problems. In this sense, it is the image of a people and thus the most perfect contribution a country's creative artists could make. So it is not strange that three of the outstanding directors and producers of Latin America—José Quinteros of Mexico, Esteban Serrador of Argentina, and Pedro Mortheiru of Chile—call the U. S. theater “the only living theater that exists in the world.” I agree.

THE VALLEY WHERE TIME STOOD STILL

FOR THE PAST FORTY YEARS writers all over the world have been following Proust's lead in recapturing the past, but few of them have succeeded in doing what the Cuban novelist Alejo Carpentier has done in *Los Pasos Perdidos*: create art in the process. In conception and method, as well as title, this work resembles *Remembrance of Things Past*. Carpentier, too, is obsessed with time, conceiving it as a pattern in which the distant past and the future are fused into one, and seeing the significance of living in the escape from the tyranny of chronological time.

To break down the barriers of time as we ordinarily think of it, the author uses several literary techniques. He moves his characters between widely separated periods, from the jet-propelled present to the fourth day



Alejo Carpentier, Cuban novelist and musicologist, author of *Los Pasos Perdidos*

of Genesis, and back again through the Stone Age, the Middle Ages, and the turbulent Romantic era. As in Proust, the past is evoked abruptly through sensory perception: music, odors, the sound of a forgotten tongue all lead Carpentier's central character to recapture fragmentary memories of his childhood. In these episodes of sudden recollection, the author shifts from the imperfect to the present tense, giving the past a dramatic immediacy. The annihilation of natural or historical time is also achieved through the almost total absence of paragraphs. Page after page, the reader is held within the narrative, participating in a dimension of time that has no measurable length but extends in depth infinitely.

Structured like a symphony—Carpentier is, after all, an outstanding musicologist—*Los Pasos Perdidos* presents numerous recurring themes and their variations, and, like a musical composition, it may be enjoyed on many levels and admits many interpretations. The story of man's attempt to recapture the forgotten past, it also symbolizes a man's search for himself, for, as the protagonist observes, “the greatest task we face is forging our own destiny.” The synthesis of Latin American civilization, it offers at the same time a cosmic vision of human history.

Yet despite its wealth of symbolism and complexity of meaning, the novel has a simple plot: A composer, exasperated by the commercialism and stereotyped existence of a modern city in the United States, accepts an assignment to collect primitive musical instruments in a remote region of South America. Leaving his wife, an actress, behind, he travels with his mistress, an intellectual snob who is interested only in the novelty of the experience. The deeper they go into the heart of the jungle, the further they retreat into the past, until they come upon a culture dating back to the awful first days of the earth's creation. The composer falls in love with one of the members of the expedition, an earthy, uncomplicated woman of Indian-Negro-European ancestry, and decides to stay in the Rousseauian paradise. But in the end he is forced to return to the decaying civilization he detests because, unlike Proust's artist-hero, the protagonist of *Los Pasos Perdidos* ruefully concludes that “the only members of the human race who cannot transcend their time are the artists.”

Carpentier is a master of the Spanish language. With uncommon exactness he pictures the subjective states of the characters, and his vigorous descriptions of the jungle of South America rank with the finest in modern literature. One moment we are enthralled by the beauty of a tropical dawn; the next, repulsed by the sight of a swarm of green flies feeding upon the putrefying flesh of a crocodile on the bank of a river. The fragrance of camphor and sandalwood makes us forget, for a time, the sticky dampness that clings to everything like a thick ointment. So vividly are the vegetation, the insect life,

the odors, colors, and sounds reproduced, in fact, that nature—fiercely hostile yet compellingly beautiful—threatens to take the place of the composer-narrator as the central character of the novel.

The reader who embarks on this jungle odyssey should be prepared for some uphill traveling; otherwise, at the first of the many lengthy and erudite digressions, he will be tempted to abandon his musicologist-historian-anthropologist guide and turn to a novelist who portrays life the way most of us see it. But if he pushes on, Alejo Carpentier will reward him with the vision of a magical, new world, deep in the green hell of the Orinoco Valley.
—Bernice Matlowsky

LOS PASOS PERDIDOS, by Alejo Carpentier. Mexico City, E.D.I.A.P.S.A., 1953. 336 p.

BOOK NOTES

WALT WHITMAN EN HISPANOAMÉRICA, by Fernando Alegría. Mexico City, Ediciones Studium, 1954. 419 p.

Some years ago, Fernando Alegría wrote in an article on Walt Whitman: "Studying Walt Whitman in Spanish American poetry is like looking for traces of a ghost that can be felt everywhere and seen nowhere." He has diligently pursued these traces in this thorough study of what the great U.S. poet's influence has been in the literature of Spanish America and how critics and biographers there have dealt with him (Dr. Alegría also includes whatever material he has found on authors from Spain and Brazil, since little has been done in these fields). Chapters are devoted to Whitman's life as seen by these students; to various interpretations of *Leaves of Grass*; to Whitman's fundamental ideas, philosophical, religious, and political; to the sexual problem in his life and work; to his influence on Spanish American poets, which began with the post-modernists at the beginning of this century and has recently been enjoying a renaissance; and to his translators, including a long section on the Uruguayan Armando Vasseur's rendition of *Leaves of Grass*, the most influential of all. The fruit of a Guggenheim fellowship, *Walt Whitman en Hispanoamérica* is a very valuable piece of scholarship. An adaptation of part of the first chapter appeared in the February 1954 issue of *AMERICAS* as "The Whitman Myth."

VENEZUELA THROUGH ITS HISTORY, by William D. and Amy L. Marsland. New York, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1954. 277 p. \$3.75

As Columbus' "Little Venice," as the first country in Latin America to declare its independence and the one that produced some of the greatest leaders of the movement (Miranda, Bolívar, Sucre, for example), as the fabulously oil-rich republic of the twentieth century, Venezuela is a fascinating country. But apart from the exploits of Bolívar and the tyranny of Gómez, Venezuelan history is not so widely known as it ought to be. One reason is its complexity; even the roughest outline of what happened there in the nineteenth century must include the names of dozens of men now fighting the Spaniards, now fighting each other, today forming political alliances, tomorrow overturning one another's govern-

ments. But in *Venezuela Through Its History*, William D. and Amy L. Marsland have done a remarkable job of pruning. Who was important and why and what sort of man he was, what the country was like at the various periods, what the problems and issues were and are—all this is made clear, with as little oversimplification as is possible in such a brief account. The Marslands have spent a good bit of time in Venezuela, where Mr. Marsland was news editor of the English-language daily *The Caracas Journal* for a year and a half. An excellent popular history.

LITERARY CONGRESS IN BERKELEY

The Seventh Congress of the Instituto Internacional de Literatura Iberoamericana will be held in Berkeley, California, on August 29, 30, and 31, 1955. Its theme will be "Ibero-American Culture Seen Through Its Literature," and papers on this subject are now being accepted for judging.

These papers should be of such a length that they can be read aloud by their authors in at most twenty-five minutes. There will be time for the reading of about twenty papers, and the others will be read by title. Those that are read aloud will be published in the *Memoria* of the Congress; the rest will appear in the *Revista Iberoamericana*. The papers will be selected for reading, and the program made up, by the president of the Instituto, Arturo Torres-Rioseco, and a committee composed of Luis Monguió, chairman; Fernando Alegría; Benjamin M. Woodbridge; and Edwin S. Morby.

Papers should be sent, with one carbon copy, to Dwinelle Hall, Department of Spanish and Portuguese, University of California, Berkeley 4, and must be received before February 28, 1955.

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EMBASSY ROW



Ambassador Jacques Léger, who represents Haiti in the United States, is a lawyer by training and has been a diplomat since the age of twenty, when he entered the Foreign Ministry as an attaché. He rose through the ranks—private secretary; secretary of the Legation in Caracas; director of Latin American and OAS Affairs; chargé d'affaires in Caracas; Minister Plenipotentiary there and then in Havana; Ambassador to Argentina; Minister to Brazil—and in 1950 returned to Haiti to become Minister of State and Foreign Affairs. Ambassador Léger has represented his country on many special missions and at a number of international conferences, among them the Fourth Meeting of Foreign Ministers of American States in 1951 and the signing of the peace treaty with Japan later the same year. The painting is of Toussaint Louverture, Haitian national hero.

Father and son share an interest in music, and the Ambassador is also very much interested in primitive art. He believes that the Haitian school of painters will eventually attain the eminence of the Mexican; the painting over the sofa, a fishing-village scene by Wilson Bigaud, is a good example of contemporary Haitian painting. But perhaps Dr. Léger's most ardent interest lies in the collection he is building up of original documents, photostats, and microfilms relating to Haitian history. He has written on literature under the pseudonym "Astianax" and on international problems as "Vespasio," and at one time contributed to Haitian avant-garde literary publications under his own name. He is now writing a treatise on international law.



The Ambassador and his eldest son, Jacques, fifteen. A sophomore at military school, young Jacques plans to enter West Point. Thirteen-year-old Adrian, who expects to follow his father into the diplomatic service, is away at boarding school. Both boys make their home with the Ambassador in Washington.



The Embassy residence on upper Sixteenth Street, Washington, where Dr. Léger has lived since he was appointed Ambassador in 1952.

A WORD WITH ANA BEKER

(Continued from page 28)

fine sarapes, money—they took it all. But I went back to the capital on a bus and explained what had happened. Avila Camacho saw to it that they returned to me more than I had lost. Later, at the U. S. border, I had trouble with the immigration officers because they thought I was going to give lectures and spread propaganda. Propaganda for what? And me not speaking a word of English! I was doing this more for sport than anything else, to prove that we women are as able as men."

"How have you met the expenses of the trip?"

"I started out with some money of my own, and Eva Perón sent me some more when I reached the halfway mark, but the fact is that the authorities of all the countries have offered me lodging, forage for the animals, and whatever I needed. In Peru, the army made sure there would be water and food for the horses in the long trek through the northern deserts. In Mexico I was a guest of the government, and the National Federation of Charros held a barbecue for me. In New Orleans I was received by Mario Bermúdez, Director of International Relations at International House, and Mayor Morrison gave me the keys to the city. But on the eve of my arrival there, I received a blow. I asked for a room at a hotel, by gestures, since I didn't know the language. The proprietor became annoyed with me and called the police. When the officer arrived, he had my horses taken to a stable and put me up in a room in the jail.

"In Alabama I had to change hotels every day because they all wanted to have me as a guest, and the Chamber of Commerce took care of everything for me. Much the same thing happened in Texas and Virginia. Wherever there was a school along the road, classes were interrupted and the children turned out to see me. In some towns they televised my arrival. But now and then the curious became annoying, and I had to defend myself with my whip or encourage Luchador Chiquito and Furia to frighten the people, as happened with a man who grabbed my reins and wanted me to get down from the horse, shortly before I reached Alabama. I didn't understand what he was saying, but I didn't trust him."

"Where on the way were you most worried?"

"In the jungle, where the snakes are dangerous because they frighten the horses and can bite them. The worst thing I remember was a hanging bridge in Guatemala. It was made up of very narrow boards, and as soon as we set foot on it the whole thing began to shake. I had to lead the horses across one at a time. I was scared to death they might fall into the gorge. You know how attached you get to your animals, especially when they're as intelligent as mine."

I asked Ana Beker if she was thinking of writing a book about her trip. She shrugged her shoulders and said she didn't know. What was she going to do when she got to Ottawa? There she would see what boat she could take back to Argentina. And what would she do when she got back to Buenos Aires? Another shrug accompanied her answer: "I'll go back to work on the farm as before."

Lillian L. de Tagle

HOUSE OF CULTURE

(Continued from page 15)

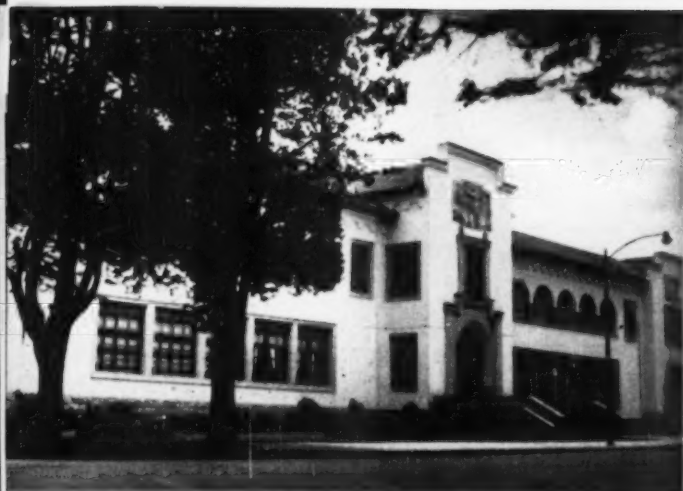
shoeshine boy. Thus the artists reached the widest possible public, with a good chance of selling their pictures to the wealthier visitors. Besides offering display space to groups or individual artists, the Casa prints the catalogues and takes charge of advertising, offers prizes and buys paintings to add to its growing permanent collection. The same facilities are granted to visiting foreign artists or traveling exhibits. In recent years, Quito has admired, among others, Goya's graphic art, modern Argentine painting, two French exhibitions, and a collection of color reproductions sent by UNESCO. The outstanding Ecuadorean event was a one-man show of a hundred paintings by Oswaldo Guayasamín, whose reputation is growing both in Latin America and in the United States. Early aware of his talent, the Casa helped him by paying for his materials.

Nor can the musicians complain. They are invited to give concerts at the Casa de la Cultura and may use at will the Steinway grand piano imported at a cost of eight thousand dollars. Promising artists receive scholarships to study abroad. The Casa further organizes competitions for composers of both concert and popular music, which is given a hearing over the Casa's radio station.



Above: Casa maintains a permanent exhibition of Ecuadorean books. Below: Oswaldo Guayasamín at work on mural for Casa headquarters





Casa headquarters in Quito, the capital. Casa also owns seven-story building in Guayaquil and houses in other provinces

In the past, the appearance in Quito of internationally famous concert artists or actors was an extremely rare event. Serious music or drama, or the ballet, attracted only small groups of the upper or middle class. Even an artist like Jascha Heifetz drew more European immigrants and foreign diplomats than Ecuadoreans. The Casa helped to change that, too. Thus when the French dramatic company of Madeleine Ozeray stayed for a week in Quito, the Casa bought hundreds of tickets for each performance and presented them to private individuals and organizations. This made everybody happy: the company, because it did not have to act before half-empty houses; the audience, 30 per cent of which got free entertainment; and the Casa, because it was attracting new groups of



Part of last year's First National Exposition of Popular Arts

people to the theater who, as time went on, would pay for tickets out of their own pockets.

Five years ago the Casa established a small radio station. Its magnificent broadcasts feature three hours of classical or modern music drawn from five thousand phonograph records, including symphonies from Beethoven to Honegger, thirty complete operas, and compositions by Pergolesi and Poulenc, Villa-Lobos and Bela Bartok. The rest of the time (about four hours more) is taken up by news broadcasts, lectures, drama, BBC

English lessons, and transcriptions from the Voice of America, UNESCO, and the United Nations. And, heaven be praised, there are no commercials! At present the small two-kilowatt transmitter does not allow the program to be heard much beyond the sierra, but among the plans for the future—and the Casa has many—is the acquisition of a new transmitter of ten kilowatts.

Throughout the year, the Casa de la Cultura is the seat of inter-American round-table conferences, workshops, and congresses sponsored by such organizations as the Pan American Union and UNESCO. Foreign scientists, philosophers, poets, have found the lecture halls of the Casa overflowing with enthusiastic audiences, ad-



Pedro Traversari in Museum of Musical Instruments he has spent a lifetime collecting, now housed in the Casa

mitted, as to all Casa-sponsored functions, free. The Casa in Quito has helped with the literacy campaign by printing twenty-five thousand posters. Nor has it forgotten the younger generation in other ways. It organizes free movies for school children from time to time and has set up a children's library in the Parque de Mayo.

Meanwhile, the Casa branches in the provinces carry out their own programs under the aegis of, and with funds provided by, the parent organization. Each usually has its own library, a small art gallery, and perhaps a museum. The Manabí Casa owns a truck and trailer that are sent around the countryside for concerts, lectures, films, and so on. The Guayaquil Casa has big plans afoot for a huge open-air theater, in which the stage will also serve an adjoining indoor theater.

So this unique organization that the Uruguayan poet Carlos Sabat Erceasty calls "a miracle of Ecuador and of America" continues to reach out into every corner of the country, bringing pleasure and education to its people. ♦ ♦ ♦

Answers to Quiz on page 47

1. Tegucigalpa; 2. Francisco Morazán; 3. Pacific; 4. Silver; 5. North; 6. Rubber; 7. Scattered among other trees; 8. Yes; the deep waters—"Honduras" means "the depths"; 9. Mayan; 10. Escuela Agrícola Panamericana (Pan American Agricultural School), founded by the United Fruit Company.

MEXICO'S 29TH STATE

(Continued from page 8)

In the late eighteenth century there were twenty thousand Indians in Baja California; by 1810, only 2,300 remained.

Next, U. S. adventurers had their turn. After the war in which Mexico lost northern California to the United States, an ambitious young U. S. physician named William Walker started an expedition into the southern peninsula to declare himself president. Lacking official U. S. support, he and his band were expelled by the Mexican Government, only to move on to Central America. Subsequently, the U. S. Government, under President Buchanan, made an unsuccessful overture to purchase the territory.

Meanwhile, Baja California continued its centuries-long sleep in the sun. Not until after the Mexican revolution of 1910 did its first real colonization begin, and then it became a chaotic battleground. Annexation attempts by North Americans in the West evoked a counter fight by a self-appointed colonizer named Colonel Esteban Cantú. Cantú threw out the gringos and made peace with the hostile inhabitants. He began to build the first road communications to link scattered villages, and went on to build schools—which he paid small boys to attend! But his development ambitions required money. To this end, he invited gamblers to buy concessions to lure U. S. dollars to Baja California. In the wake of gambling came a brisk opium and heroin trade with China, and Baja California developed into one of the most notorious narcotics and white-slave centers in the Western Hemisphere.

In the twenties, Prohibition brought the peninsula thriving business. Pleasure ships carried U. S. gamblers and thrill-seekers down the coast from California to dozens of gambling places at Tijuana, including the Agua Caliente race track and casinos such as the Foreign Club, and Ensenada, where the Hotel Playa was the favorite spot.

But the Mexican Government had been watching Cantú's devious activities with displeasure from Mexico City. When the self-styled lord of Baja California began issuing his own postage stamps, the Obregón administration decided to call a halt. Abelardo Rodríguez, who rose

In contrast to Spanish-style missions found in both Upper and Lower California is this Baja California church made of wrought iron shipped from France piece by piece



Except for three paved stretches in the North, Baja California roads look like this; land communications are knotty problem



Ferry across Colorado River on Tijuana-Sonoita road links state of Sonora with peninsula, opens up Mexicali Valley to commerce

from private in the revolutionary army to brigadier general, was dispatched with a small army to depose the rebellious colonel. With Rodríguez' soldiers behind him, a government emissary, Luis Salazar, negotiated a treaty, and Cantú fled the country (reputedly with millions of dollars in gambling and drug-trade profits).

Salazar became the first federal governor, and was later succeeded by Rodríguez. Both men were natives of neighboring Sonora, and had long viewed the virgin territory as having a good production potential. When they moved in, the population of Baja California stood at about thirty-three thousand. Today, some thirty years later, the economic development they initiated has swelled the population almost tenfold. It has doubled in the last decade alone.

Salazar turned to the coasts to build a fishing industry. He brought in men from the mainland, bought them boats, helped them organize cooperatives, then purchased their hauls for a big cannery he built on the Ensenada waterfront. Now the Ensenada fishing industry alone does close to a four-million-dollar business yearly.

Later Salazar turned to canning agricultural products—peppers, peaches, pineapples, and, more recently, locally grown vegetables (he used to import vegetables for canning from the United States). Eventually, his investment activities fanned out into real-estate development, hotel building, cattle raising, and milk pasteurization.

Meanwhile Rodríguez, who is acknowledged to be Baja California's foremost colonizer, was establishing fish canneries, and later wineries, all along the coast. At El Sauzal, several miles north of Ensenada, a cannery he built grew into a thriving town. His five hundred workers there take half the company's earnings in a profit-sharing plan, live in rent-free cottages completely serviced by the company, and receive medical care at company expense. "There's no limit to the possibilities in Baja California," Rodríguez claims.

One of the biggest cotton bowls in all Mexico is the Mexicali Valley of northern Baja California, which produces more than two hundred thousand bales annually. Sandwiched between hulking jagged mountains, it holds a fertile delta land irrigated by the Colorado River. The nine-million-dollar Morelos Dam, completed only a few years ago, has turned the valley into a lush miniature of the Imperial Valley across the border in California. Cultivation has spread from one hundred thousand to four hundred thousand acres in the last few years.

As in the U. S. state of California, vegetable crops are big. Tomato production, now exceeding 3,500 tons an-



Oases and rich date groves are typical of the lonely, sparsely populated southern half of peninsula, still a federal territory

coast are similar to those of the Holy Land, brought in hundreds of thousands of olive trees and gave them away to friends sharing his enthusiasm.

Mining, while promising, is limited at present to the port of Santa Rosalía, a dismal community on the Gulf south of the new state, which was at one time an important copper center. However, the copper deposits are apparently exhausted, and labor trouble threatens to make it a ghost town. On the Pacific coast, salt deposits are concentrated around the Ojo de Liebre lagoon at the northern base of the Sierra Vizcaino. Here the salt work-



Fish canneries, like this one at Cape San Lucas owned by General Abelardo Rodríguez, dot the coastline

nually, has quadrupled in recent years. More land is being opened to peppers. And seed production by suppliers of large U. S. seed companies is gaining.

Vineyards in the northern part of the peninsula are producing more than a hundred thousand tons of grapes annually. Wineries turning out red and white table wines may some day approach the productive capacity of those in California. Among the grape harvesters are an interesting group of Russian immigrants brought to Baja California some years ago by an English colonizing company, whose project later fizzled out. The immigrants remained to farm the area near Ensenada, settling the slopes of the Sierra de Juárez. The women, still wearing their old-country dress with kerchiefs protecting their heads from the sun, work in the fields with their husbands.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been invested in olive groves around the Ensenada coastal area. Rodríguez, noting that the climate and soil of the western



Socorro digger displays clams, part of the wealth of seafood provided by Baja California waters



Lobster trapping is another small industry. Traps are set at low tide and checked daily. Meat is inexpensive

ers, some of them blinded by the conditions of white glare under which they work, live in poverty, as many other peninsula laborers still do. In the harsh, primitive region in the northern interior at El Mármol, exceedingly pure black and white onyx is mined.

The Baja California forests offer an almost untapped resource. Extensive pine forests, with an estimated sixteen million trees, cover the rugged eastern mountain ranges. So far, most of the lumber used on the peninsula has been imported from the States.

Some 90 per cent of the peninsula's products—fish, wine, vegetables, cotton—are exported to the United States, with little going to the Mexican mainland. While he was President of Mexico from 1931 to 1934, Rodríguez opened Tijuana and Mexicali to free trade with no customs barriers, and later the whole peninsula was made a free zone. Lack of customs has developed virtually a U. S. economy in the border cities, a trend encouraged by the tremendous influx of U. S. tourists. More than ten million people crossed the Baja California border last year, mostly visitors to the border cities and Ensenada.

Tijuana and Mexicali, whose populations have spiraled under U. S. dollar stimulus to seventy and eighty thousand, respectively, do business almost exclusively in U. S. currency. The people speak English as frequently as Spanish, and their living habits are more U. S. than Mexican. So extensive has been the Americanization of the border towns, in fact, that the border people are known as "*pochos*" (imitators), and the Mexican Government tourist bureau in recent months has announced its determination to re-Mexicanize the cities, outlawing English signs and other "*pochos*" manifestations.



Peddlers bring supplies to remote villages on peninsula. They exchange shoes, cloth, groceries, for hides, game, trinkets



Statehood brings promise of prosperity to families still living in houses without electricity, plumbing, flooring



Black and white onyx is mined at community appropriately named El Mármol (Marble) and located in new state

Before Baja California can become an integral part of the Mexican economy, communications must be sufficiently developed to bring the mainland closer to its western frontier. Besides the railway, Mexico has only a poor second-class highway connecting with the peninsula at its northern land juncture. Extensive road-building is

projected by the federal government. Plans call for joining the road linking Tijuana, Mexicali, and Sonoma with the new Mexican Pacific coast highway at Nogales, on the Texas border, or a point south. Even more important to the state's economic interests is the project to continue the Tijuana-Ensenada-San Quintin road, now passable for only about 150 miles, the full length of the peninsula to La Paz.

And what of the peninsula's southland? It has two million acres of arable land awaiting cultivation and especially suitable to vegetables and flowers. The plan is to attract a labor supply with a homesteading project, after the Mexican Government builds the roads and the necessary irrigation facilities. Free grants of land and extensive farm credits will be offered to establish farmers in the virgin territory. In La Paz, a number of comfortable hotels have grown up in recent years to service the growing tourist industry (the Hotel Arvos is among the best), and tourist officials believe the town has just begun to tap its tourist potential.

Above all, Baja California needs human resources to develop its land and minerals. Here indeed is a new frontier. With a pioneer spirit, hard work, and big investments, Baja Californians figure they can't lose. ♦ ♦ ♦

CONTRIBUTORS



In "Equal and Not Separate," **MERCER COOK**, professor of Romance languages at Howard University in Washington, D.C., comments on the history-making U.S. Supreme Court decision abolishing racial segregation in the schools. He speaks from experience, since he has taught in both segregated and nonsegregated schools. Born in the capital fifty-one years ago, Dr. Cook started traveling at the age of three weeks when his family took him to London for three years and then to Berlin. With an

A.B. degree from Amherst, he did graduate work at the University of Paris and the University of Havana and won a Ph.D. from Brown. In 1938, he visited Martinique, Guadeloupe, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. The U.S. Office of Education sent him to Haiti in 1943 as supervisor of one of its English-Teaching Projects.



MARION WILHELM, who recently visited "Mexico's Twenty-ninth State," the northern half of the peninsula of Baja California, which she writes about this month, is a foreign correspondent in Mexico City for *Newsweek*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, and other U.S. publications. A native of Washburn, Wisconsin, she graduated in 1947 from the state university, where she was managing editor of the *Daily Cardinal*. Miss Wilhelm served briefly with the City News Bureau in Chicago, then became a

general reporter with *The Milwaukee Journal*. She specializes mostly in political and economic analysis and has been in Mexico for almost three years.

German-born **LILO LINKE** is now an Ecuadorian journalist whose beat is Quito, a city she knows intimately. "House of Culture" is an account of the manifold activities of the country's leading center of culture. Miss Linke is on the staff of not one but two of Quito's largest newspapers and is a member of the executive board of the National Journalists Union. She has written eight books, mostly on her travels, and has visited many Latin American countries. Her latest work, *Ecuador: Country of Contrasts*, has just been published by the Royal Institute of International Affairs in London.

On his recent trip to the art centers of the Hemisphere, **JOSÉ GÓMEZ-SICRE**, chief of the PAU visual arts section, stopped in Brazil to view the work of landscape architect Roberto Burle Marx, which he writes about in "Gardens for Today." Born in

Matanzas, Cuba, Mr. Gómez-Sicre was educated in sociology and diplomatic law, but soon made art his vocation, although he had intended to follow it only as a sideline. Author of many books on the subject, he is personally acquainted with most of the leading art personalities here and abroad, and brings their work to the Pan American Union for display.



Educator and writer **ANGÉLICA MENDOZA** hails, appropriately, from the city of Mendoza, Argentina. For some years she has lived in and around New York City, and, in the course of her frequent visits to the Museum of Modern Art there, saw the "Ancient Arts of the Andes" exhibition, which she describes in this issue. A graduate of the National University of Buenos Aires with two degrees, she holds a Ph.D. from Columbia University and has taught at Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville,

Brooklyn College, and the College of the City of New York. In 1952-53, she worked on one of the joint UNESCO-OAS educational projects in Pátzcuaro, Mexico, where teachers are trained in fundamental education to raise the standard of living of country people. This summer she will write a book, to be published in Mexico.



Lieutenant **HARRY E. RIESEBERG** is one of the few men in the world who can truthfully say they have strolled the streets of the "City Beneath the Sea"—Port Royal, Jamaica, which sank to the ocean floor in 1692 during an earthquake and tidal wave. Adventure, and underwater exploration in particular, are Lieutenant Rieseberg's business. At seventeen, he went to Africa with Theodore Roosevelt; now in his sixties, he has made a number of expeditions to recover sunken treasure from the sea. He owns and operates a robot diver, a machine used for work on rotting hulks at depths up to 1,400 feet. While he was head of the bureau of navigation of the U.S. Merchant Marine, he began to compile a list of sunken ships. He is the author of many books on diving and treasure and maintains an office in Van Nuys, California, where treasure seekers may consult him.

In the book section this month, Chilean critic **SANTIAGO DEL CAMPO**, himself a playwright, examines contemporary U.S. drama by discussing the 1953-54 theater season. **BERNICE MATLOWSKY** of the PAU education division reviews *Los Pasos Perdidos*, a novel by the Cuban writer Alejo Carpentier, who is now living in Venezuela.

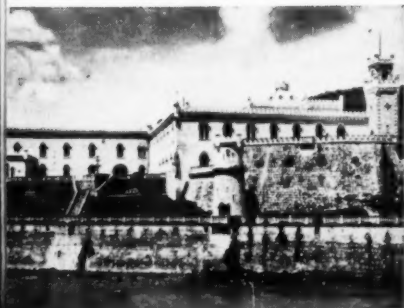
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The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides *AMERICAS*, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; the quarterly *Panorama*, which republishes in full, and in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines; and the *Inter-American Review of Bibliography*.

KNOW YOUR HONDURAN NEIGHBORS?

Answers to Quiz on page 42



1. Presidential palace in ———, capital of Honduras. Fill in the blank.

2. Statue of national hero of Honduras, who won fame as a soldier and statesman and as a champion of Central American unity. Was he Francisco Morazán, Justo Rufino Barrios, José Martí, or Benito Juárez?



3. Amapala, on Tigre Island in the Gulf of Fonseca, is an important seaport, seaside resort, and fisherman's paradise. Is it on the Caribbean or Pacific coast?



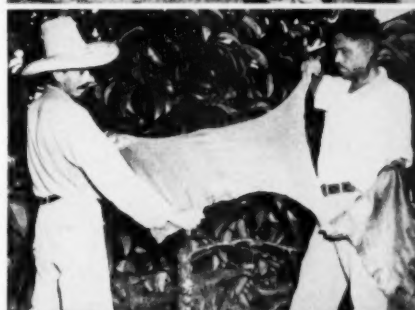
4. Loading an air shipment of bars of the principal metal mined in the republic. What is it?



5. While bananas grow wild almost everywhere in Honduras, cultivation of the fruit for export—like the bunches being washed here—is confined to a fertile strip in the center, extreme south, north, or far east of the country?



6. Hondurans display product not yet fully developed as an industry but a potential source of wealth to the country. Is it silk, snakeskin, rubber, or leather?



7. Large diameters are characteristic of Honduran mahogany trees. Would you say that the tree grows in vast mahogany forests, in small groves, or scattered—perhaps one marketable tree to an acre—among other kinds of trees?



8. Old photo shows place, now called Cape Honduras, where Columbus discovered the American mainland in 1502 on fourth voyage. Was there anything significant in what he found there that resulted in the name "Honduras"?



9. Ruins at Copán, ancient pre-Columbian city near Guatemalan border, are remnants of what lost civilization?



10. In climate and topography Honduras is well suited for livestock raising. Some of the finest cattle are bred at the agricultural school in Zamorano, one of the best in the Hemisphere. Do you know its name?



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

GUATEMALAN HOLIDAY

Dear Sirs:

Last summer, I vacationed in Guatemala. Having been told that Guatemalans despised Americans, this was my experience: Every Guatemalan I met went out of his way to help me and explain things. On the launch between Panajachel and Atitlán, I even enjoyed a "conversation" with an Indian couple—partly in Spanish, mostly in smiles and sign language.

Then there was the tourist in the church at Chichí. Our guide courteously requested that she refrain from using her camera in the church. She eyed him superciliously, and announced ringingly: "I am an American! You cannot tell me what to do!" What irritated me most was that she (like myself) was a Roman Catholic. Back in the States, she would not have dared to use a camera in church without permission; in Guatemala, her attitude was that the natives were inferior foreigners. For the rest of the day, she kept bleating that Guatemalans did not like Americans, and that it was the most unpleasant vacation she had ever experienced.

I thought the Indians were fascinating, and in many ways, my superiors. My Guatemalan vacation was wonderful; hers was not. The reason was simple: I was only another American—she was (blow the bugle, raise the flag) an A*M*E*R*I*C*A*N*.

Conditions in Guatemala seem depressing at present, but some day, I hope to vacation there again.

My only complaint right now is that no Guatemalan has been listed in the "Mail Bag." Won't some Guatemalan write to me in Spanish, Italian, or English? Preferably someone around my own age (thirty-nine) who knows a little Quiché, Cakchiquel, or Tzutuhil.

Vivian Fiore
Box 41
Cedarhurst,
Long Island, New York

PROTEST ON POLAND

Dear Sirs:

The condensation ("Points of View" section of March 1954 AMERICAS) of an article on radio programs that appeared in *Revista do Globo* in Porto Alegre, Brazil, contained much food for thought for people of the United States, where a large percentage of radio and television programs may not only be debasing the level of culture but contributing to crime and juvenile delinquency. For that reason I regret having to call attention to an unfortunate piece of misinformation contained in that article. I refer to the statement that "it is well known" that Hitler's conquest of Poland was facilitated by a flood of immoral literature.

... Hitler's victory was rather inevitable because of overwhelming superiority in armed might... and unprecedented geographical advantages in the launching of the attack. Even so, Paris, a year later, fell to the Nazis in shorter time than Warsaw despite the fact that France had a much larger army than did Poland, had an ally in the British, and suffered no "stab-in-the-back" attack from Russia, as did Poland.

[The Brazilian paper]... also displays a shocking ignorance of the heroic resistance to the Nazi occupation of Poland. Franck, the Nazi governor general of Poland, on hearing that an announcement about the execution of a few Czech students had been posted, stated: "If I ordered that one should hang up posters about every seven Poles shot, there would not be enough forests in Poland with which to make the paper for these posters."

As for the immoral literature, I doubt whether there was any more in Poland than in other European countries. There was probably less than there is available in the United States today. On the other hand, I know from personal experience that few people anywhere had such an excellent knowledge of the literature of other nations as did the Poles in the years before World War II.

John Switalski
Chicago, Ill.

BRAZIL'S NEW BUSINESS SCHOOL

Dear Sirs:

Have you heard about the Count Francisco Matarazzo Institute of São Paulo for training Brazil's businessmen of the future? The twelve-million-dollar business university, which was dedicated on March 9 and will open its doors in 1956, is a gift of industrialist Count Francisco Matarazzo, Jr., in honor of his late father—Brazil's foremost industrial pioneer.

This school is interesting for several reasons. First, it will be the most modern school of its kind anywhere when completed—with air-conditioned, soundproofed classrooms; escalators to carry students to their classes; a "remote control" library; "United Nations-type" translator booths so that students wearing ear-phones can hear visiting professors from other lands deliver lectures and have them translated automatically into native Portuguese; and many other innovations.

Second, the school purposely will draw its faculty from all over the world with the intention of providing students with a "true international scope." A quota of students from the U.S.A. as well as from many other countries will attend the Institute.

Third, it has been designed as a "training ground for tomorrow's executive," a sort of "West Point of business." Here is an interesting concept which we in the U.S.A. might think about seriously.

W. Case
New York City

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

Dear Sirs:

As a subscriber to AMERICAS I should like to ask your help. I am desirous of getting in touch with anyone in South America, Mexico, or the Caribbean area who would like to trade or sell butterflies and moths. I have collected in Venezuela and Mexico and would like to have additional specimens from these countries and others.

Though I am interested particularly in the Morphidae, Papilionidae, and Pieridae, I shall be glad to know of any tropical and subtropical species for trade or sale. Letters to me may be written in either English, Spanish, or German. Thank you for any assistance you can give.

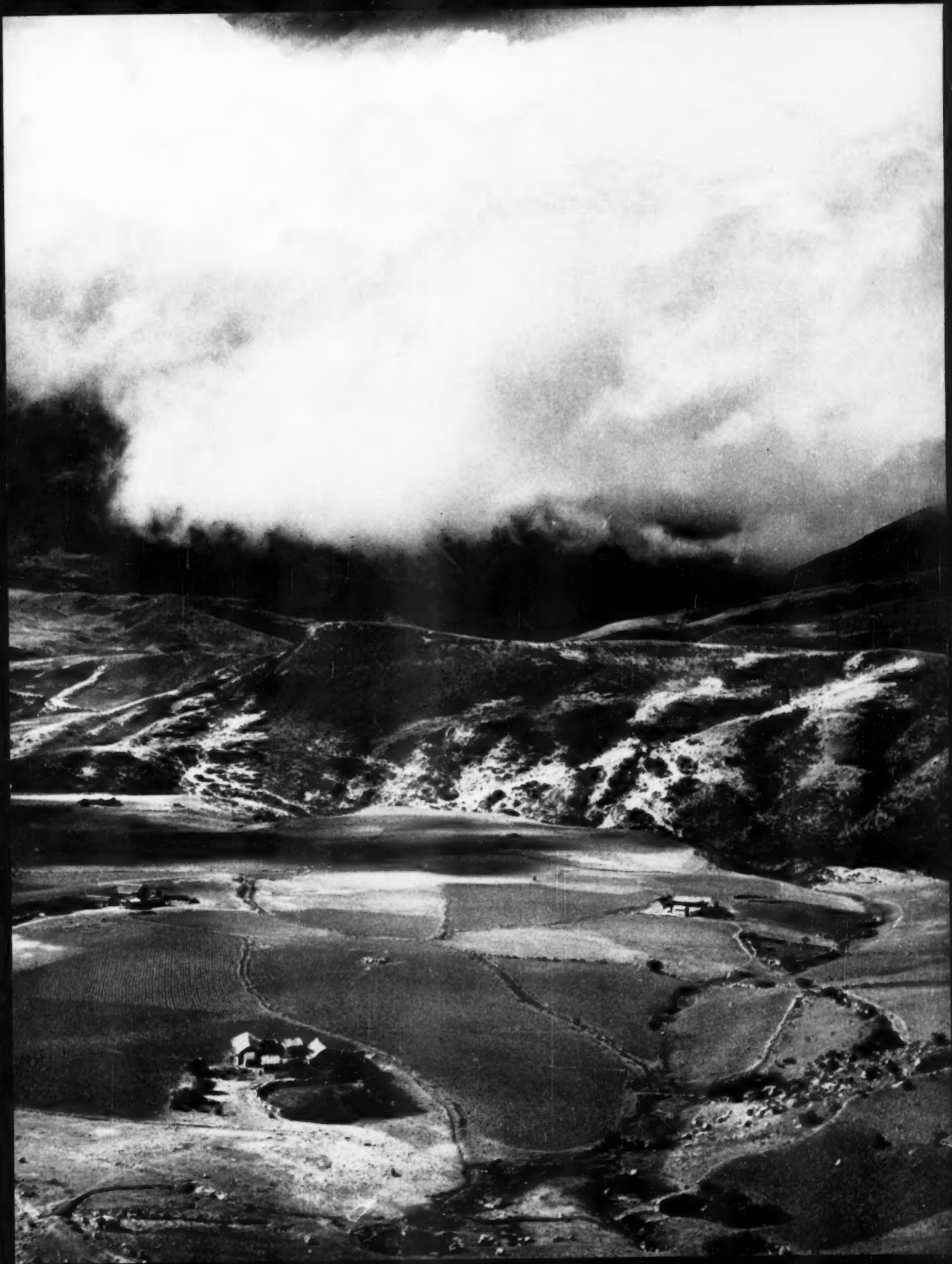
Dr. E. Wilbur Cook
Post Office Box 42
Danville, Kentucky

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses clearly and state at least two language preferences. These are shown below by the initials after the name. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk after the name.

Nelly Candy Rodríguez (E, S) Venezuela 1511 Buenos Aires, Argentina	Eva R. Aldrich (E, S, F) Route No. 1 Everson, Washington
Paul Ferré (P, E)* Av. Ipiranga, 1071-4° s/408 São Paulo, Brazil	Nilton M. de Oliveira (E, P) Caixa Postal, 1327 Salvador, Bahia Brazil
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	Pedro Noé King (E, S, F, Ital.) Potosí (o) 243 Depto. 2 Córdoba, Argentina

Opposite: Fertile farms nestle in valley below cloud-shrouded mountains near Cochabamba, Bolivia



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